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POEMS

B Y

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

"The Poet claims at least this praise:
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope,
In the worst moment of these evil days."

Wordsworth.

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1841

DEDICATORY SONNET.

TO CHARLES C. BURLEIGH.

A wreath of flowers, not scentless all, nor wild,
Though few may challenge the fastidious eye—
From Life's rough wayside gathered hastily,
On which a cloudless sun hath seldom smiled,
I lay before thee, by the thought beguiled
That thou the humble offering wilt accept—
For well I ween thy heart hath truly kept
The love it bore me when an artless child.
Playmate—companion—counsellor—and friend—
Brother by blood, and doubly so in heart !
Changeless through every change to me thou art—
And as our souls have blended, so shall blend
Our names upon this page, that it may be
A witness of thy worth, and of my love for thee !



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“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

NIGHT, stern, eternal, and alone,
Girded with solemn silence round,
Majestic on his starless throne,
Sat brooding o'er the vast profound—
And there unbroken darkness lay,
Deeper than that which veils the tomb,
While circling Ages wheeled away
Unnoted 'mid the voiceless gloom.

Then moved upon the waveless deep
The quickening SPIRIT of the LORD,
And broken was its pulseless sleep
Before the EVERLASTING WORD !

“LET THERE BE LIGHT!” and listening Earth,
With tree and plant and flowery sod,
‘In the beginning’ sprang to birth,
Obedient to the voice of God.

Then in his burning track, the Sun
Trod onward to his joyous Noon,
And in the heavens, one by one,
Clustered the stars around the Moon—
In glory bathed, the radiant Day
Wore like a king his crown of light—
And, girdled by the “Milky Way,”
How queenly looked the star-gemmed Night !

Bursting from choirs celestial, rang
Triumphantly the notes of song ;
The morning stars together sang
In concert with the heavenly throng ;
And Earth, enraptured, caught the strain
That thrilled along her fields of air,
Till every mountain top and plain
Flung back an answering echo there !

CREATOR ! let thy Spirit shine
The darkness of our souls within,
And lead us by thy grace divine
From the forbidden paths of sin ;
And may that Voice which bade the earth
From Chaos and the realms of Night,
From doubt and darkness call us forth
To God's own liberty and light !

Thus, made partakers of Thy love,
The baptism of the Spirit ours,
Our grateful hearts shall rise above,
Renewed in purposes and powers;
And songs of joy again shall ring
Triumphant through the arch of Heaven—
The glorious songs which angels sing,
Exulting over souls forgiven!

PSALM CXLVIII.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! let sounds of praise
From every mountain-top be poured ;
And from the heavens your voices raise
In songs of glory to the Lord !

Praise Him, ye angel throngs who stand
In radiant ranks around his throne—
Ye hosts who wait at his command,
Make his eternal glory known !

Sun ! burning in thy path of light,
And flinging thy rich gifts abroad—
Stars ! watchers of the solemn Night—
Praise ye the everlasting God !

Called into being by His word,
Who still his watch around you keeps ;
Sing praises to the sovereign Lord,
Ye heavens of heavens—ye upper deeps !

Earth and her waters—fire and hail—
Vapors obedient to His will—
The fleecy snow, the stormy gale,
His word commissioned to fulfil—

The mountains, tossing to the sky
Their snowy heads in proud disdain—
The hills beneath whose shadows lie
The riches of the ripening grain—

Trees, laden with their luscious fruit—
Cedars, that rise like columns tall—
The creeping insect, and the brute
Obedient to his master's call—

The joyous bird, whose winnowing wings
Are freely to the breezes given;
That soars exultingly, and sings
As if its song were learned in Heaven—

Kings of the earth, whose sceptred hand
Is clothed with majesty and power—
Princes and judges of the land,
Before whose presence Guilt doth cower—

High-hearted Youth, within whose breast
Heaves darkly Passion's lava-tide—
Maidens, in virgin beauty dress'd—
Old Age, with Childhood by his side—

Reverent, let all with glad accord,
Blending their many tones in one,
Shout hallelujahs to the Lord,
Whose name is excellent alone!—

Whose glory above Earth and Heaven,
Untarnished, evermore shall dwell—
Praise Him, ye saints! to God be given
The praises of His ISRAEL!

SPRING.

THE sweet South wind, so long
Sleeping in other climes, on sunny seas,
Or dallying gaily with the orange-trees
 In the bright Land of Song,
Wakes unto us and laughingly sweeps by,
 Like a glad spirit of the sunlit sky.

The laborer at his toil
Feels on his cheek its dewy kiss, and lifts
His open brow to catch its fragrant gifts—
 The aromatic spoil
Borne from the blossoming gardens of the South—
While its faint sweetness lingers round his mouth.

The bursting buds look up
To greet the sun-light, while it lingers yet
On the warm hill-side,—and the violet
 Opens its azure cup
Meekly, and countless wild-flowers wake to fling
Their earliest incense on the gales of Spring.

The reptile, that hath lain
Torpid so long within his wintry tomb,
Pierces the mould, ascending from its gloom
Up to the light again—
And the lithe snake crawls forth from caverns chill
To bask as erst upon the sunny hill.

Continual songs arise
From Universal Nature—birds and streams
Mingle their voices, and the glad Earth seems
A second Paradise !
Thrice blessed Spring !—thou bearest gifts divine !
Sunshine, and song, and fragrance—all are thine,

Nor unto Earth alone—
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,
Balm for its wounds and healing for its smart,
Telling of Winter flown,
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing,
Type of Eternal Life—thrice blessed Spring !

“AS THY DAY IS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH
BE.”

PILGRIM ! treading feebly on,
Smitten by the torrid sun—
Hoping for the cooling rain,
Looking for the shade in vain,—
Travel-worn and faint at heart,
Weak and weary as thou art,
Let thy spirit not repine,
Shade and shelter shall be thine ;
Friendly hands to thee shall bring
Water from the cooling spring,
And the voice thou lovest best
Call the wanderer to his rest :
God hath said, to comfort thee,
“As thy day, thy strength shall be !”

Watcher by the bed of death !
Waiting for the latest breath
Of the loved, whose heart hath grown
Close, and closer to thine own—

Gazing on the fading eye
Long, and oh, how mournfully !
While Remembrance travels back
Over Being's vanished track,
Multiplying present wo
By the joys of "long ago,"
Till thy tears are poured like rain,
And thy spirit writhes with pain;
To this blessed promise flee—
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

Mother ! from thy sheltering breast
To his dark and dreamless rest
They have borne thy fair-haired boy,
Him who was thy hope and joy—
Him who was thy only stay
When his father passed away;
Coldly by that father's side
Now decays thy flower of pride,
And thy widowed heart is left
Doubly wounded—twice bereft!
Yet the God who smites to heal
Can for human anguish feel ;
He will find a balm for thee—
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

Christian! toiling for the prize
Kept for thee beyond the skies—
Warring with the powers of sin,
Foes without and foes within—
Breathing now in rapture's air;
Verging then upon despair—
Trembling, hoping, filled with pain,
Yet rejoicing once again;
Shrink not from Life's bitter cup,
God shall bear thy spirit up—
He shall lead thee safely on
Till the ark of rest is won—
Till thy spirit is set free:—
“As thy day, thy strength shall be!”

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SHE hath gone in the spring-time of life,
Ere her sky had been dimmed by a cloud,
While her heart with the rapture of love was yet rife,
 And the hopes of her youth were unbowed—
From the lovely, who loved her too well—
 From the Heart that had grown to her own—
From the sorrow which late o'er her young spirit fell,
 Like a dream of the night she hath flown;
And the earth hath received to its bosom its trust—
Ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust.

The Spring, in its loveliness drest,
 Will return with its music-winged hours,
And, kissed by the breath of the sweet South-west,
 The buds shall burst out into flowers;
And the flowers her grave-sod above—
 Though the sleeper beneath recks it not—
Shall thickly be strown by the hand of Love,
 To cover with beauty the spot—
Meet emblems are they of the pure one and bright,
Who faded and fell with so early a blight.

Ay, the Spring will return—but the blossom
That bloomed in our presence the sweetest,
By the Spoiler is borne from the cherishing bosom,—
The loveliest of all and the fleetest !
The music of stream and of bird
Shall come back when the winter is o'er ;
But the voice that was dearest to us shall be heard
In our desolate chambers no more !
The sunlight of May on the waters shall quiver—
The light of *her* eye hath departed for ever !

As the bird to its sheltering nest,
When the storm on the hills is abroad,
So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest
To repose on the bosom of God !
Where the sorrows of earth never more
May fling o'er its brightness a stain ;
Where, in rapture and love, it shall ever adore,
With a gladness unmixed with pain ;
And its thirst shall be slaked by the waters which
spring,
Like a river of light, from the Throne of THE KING !

{ There is weeping on earth for the lost !
There is bowing in grief to the ground !

But rejoicing and praise mid the sanctified host,
For a spirit in Paradise found !

Though brightness hath passed from the earth,
Yet a star is new-born in the sky,
And a soul hath gone home to the land of its birth,
Where are pleasures and fulness of joy !

And a new harp is strung, and a new song is given
To the breezes that float o'er the GARDENS OF HEAVEN !

SONG.

BELIEVE not the slander, my dearest Katrine !

For the ice of the world hath not frozen my heart ;
In my innermost spirit there still is a shrine

Where thou art remembered, all pure as thou art :
The dark tide of years, as it bears us along,

Though it sweep away hope in its turbulent flow,
Cannot drown the low voice of Love's eloquent song,
Nor chill with its waters my faith's early glow.

True, the world hath its snares, and the soul may grow
faint

In its strifes with the follies and falsehoods of earth ;
And amidst the dark whirl of corruption, a taint

May poison the thoughts that are purest at birth.
Temptations and trials, without and within,
From the pathway of Virtue the spirit may lure ;
But the soul shall grow strong in its triumphs o'er Si .
And the heart shall preserve its integrity pure.

The finger of Love, on my innermost heart,
Wrote thy name, oh adored ! when my feelings were
young ;
And the record shall 'bide till my soul shall depart,
And the darkness of Death o'er my being be flung.
Then believe not the slander that says I forget,
In the whirl of excitement, the love that was thine ;
Thou wert dear in my boyhood—art dear to me yet—
For my sunlight of life is the smile of Katrine !

STANZAS,

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF AMERICA.

Toil and pray!
Groweth flesh and spirit faint?
Think of her who pours her plaint
All the day—
Her—the wretched negro wife,
Robbed of all that sweetens life—
Her—who weeps in anguish wild
For the husband and the child
Torn away!—

Nature's ties,
Binding heart with kindred heart,
Rent remorselessly apart—
Tears and sighs,
Shrieks and prayers unheeded given,
Calling out from earth to heaven—
All that speaks the slave's distress—
All that in his cup doth press
Agonies—

Wo and blight,
Broken heart and palsied mind,
Reason crushed and conscience blind,
 Darkest night
Shutting from the spirit's eye,
Light and glory from on high—
Think of these—and *falter not!*
Toil—until the slave is brought
 Up to light!

What though Hate
Darkly scowls upon your path?
Fear not ye the tyrant's wrath—
 Hope, and wait—
For though long the strife endure,
Freedom's triumph shall be sure—
Toil in faith, for God hath spoken,
Every fetter shall be broken,
 Soon or late.

Not in vain
Hath been heard your voice of warning—
Lo! a better day is dawning;
 And again

Shall be heard, from sea to sea,
Loudest songs of jubilee,
Bursting from a franchised nation,
As it leaps in exultation
From the chain!

MORNING.

UP, Sluggard, from thy pallet! Lo, the East
Heralds the coming of another day!
The burning Sun advanceth, like a God,
To fling his wealth of light upon the world;
And the gray mists that in the vale have slept
Through all the solemn night, are curling up,
Slowly and silently, as if to steal
The golden splendor from the Fount of Day,
And weave it in their undulating folds!
The conscious Earth is blushing in the light,
As a coy maiden, when she meets the glance
Of an impassioned lover—and the streams,
Leaping and sparkling in the morning ray,
Send gaily forth their gurgling melody,
As if they knew another day was born.
The breezes, fragrance-laden, have awaked
From their brief slumber, and are flitting now
On their light pinions over hill and plain,
Wooing the perfume from the opening flowers,

And dallying with the leaflets. Every tree
Is vocal with the melody of birds;
And the awakening herbage flings abroad
Its dewy incense on the odorous air,
As conscious that its Maker will accept
The grateful offering—and many a voice
From vale and mountain and from shady grove,
Joins in the general anthem.

TO AN ORPHAN.

"When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up."

FORGET not Him—forget not Him—
Though Sorrow shades thy pathway now,
And grows life's pleasant sunshine dim,
Whose light made radiant once thy brow—
For He can soothe thine aching heart,
And make thy wounded spirit whole;
His voice can bid the gloom depart
That darkly gathers round thy soul.

Though Fortune may have sternly frowned,
And crushed the budding hopes of youth—
Though Joy in Misery's flood is drowned,
And thou hast learned the bitter truth
That "Man is born to trouble here,"
And sorrow is our mortal lot—
Yet still hope on—and though in fear,
Forget Him not—forget Him not!

Though she who watched thine infant years
In love that mothers only know,
May never wipe again thy tears,
Nor soothe with gentlest voice thy wo—
Nor bend again above her girl
To kiss the hot and throbbing brow,
Or wreath around her hand the curl
That shadows o'er thy temple now—

And though that voice, whose every tone
Was music to thy listening ear,
Hath from our earth for ever gone,
No more to thrill thy spirit here—
Yet feel not that thou art all lonely,
A torn branch from the parent vine—
For that blest balm which cometh only
To the meek spirit, shall be thine !

Despair thou not, though icy chill
The hand of Want on thee may press—
It never can—it never will
Obscure thy *spirit's* loveliness !
Though dark, perchance, hath been thy morn,
And angry clouds have gathered o'er;
A brighter day for thee shall dawn,
And sorrow flee for evermore !

There is *one* heart which beats with thine—
Which saddens when thine eye is sad—
Aches, when thy spirit doth repine,
And thrills with joy when thou art glad!
That lonely heart will love thee still,
When falser ones have turned away ;
Unchanged alike in joy or ill,
Cling fondly unto thine for aye!

And when that heart, as soon it must,
Lies mouldering beneath the sod,
Still there is ONE in whom to trust—
The orphan's FATHER and her GOD !
Forget not Him—forget not Him,
And e'en on earth thou shalt be blessed ;
And, when thy lamp of life is dim,
His hand shall guide thee to thy rest !

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY can never die. The tinted cheek
May lose its delicate color, and the brow
Reveal the furrows of unsparing Time—
The eye forget its lustre, and the voice
Gush forth no more in music—Age may bow
The now unequalled form, and chain the step
Whose touch elastic crushes scarce the flower—
Wo, Want, Disease, and Death, each in his turn,
May wreak his vengeance on the suffering clay,
Till to the sensual eye no grace remains—
Yet not one ray of that internal fire
Which is the *life* of beauty, and its *all*,
Shall e'er be quenched or dimmed! It liveth on,
The same ethereal essence—chance nor change
Can pale its light, nor mar its perfectness—
The gift of God, eternal as Himself,
It grows in glory as its years increase!

Such beauty, dearest Isadore! is thine—
The beauty of a soul that long hath held
Companionship with purity and truth,
And known their deepest, holiest baptism!

EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

WHERE laugh the bright Antilles
Amid the Southern main,
Oppression long in pride had ruled
With bloody scourge and chain—
The negro, crushed beneath his hand,
Bent at his cheerless toil,
And poured his unavailing tears
Upon the thirsty soil.

Curses and groans went upward
Continually to God,
And shrieks which vexed the quiet air
Where'er the tyrant trod—
The negro's cup was dredged with tears,
And—darkest, dreariest fate—
His fetters clanked within his soul,
And made it desolate.

Year after year of bondage
The self-same story told
Of guilt, and woe, and severed hearts,
Mothers and children sold—

Hopes crushed, affections blighted, ties
The holiest, rent in twain,
And myriad victims flung upon
Thy bloody altar, Gain!

God saw it all!—the record
Was traced before His eye—
And in His own good time He sent
Deliverance from on high!
For the oppression of the poor
He rose, and shook the earth;
His hand unlocked the prison door
And led the captives forth.

Then swelled the choral anthem
Those sunny isles among—
The freedman shouted in his joy,
And songs were on his tongue—
Songs of thanksgiving—bursts of prayer,
On every hill were heard;
The vales were vocal, and the air
With melody was stirred!

Praise to Thy name, Jehovah!
Who hath deliverance wrought!—

We view the wonders of Thy power,
With reverential thought ;
We cry to Thee in faith—oh Lord !
Stretch forth Thy helping hand,—
Break the strong fetters of the slave,
And spare our guilty land !

WINTER.

How beautiful is Winter! Earth hath put
Her snowy vesture on, and the wide fields
Glisten beneath the radiance of the sun,
A waveless ocean of most dazzling white.
In the slant sunbeams flashing, the tall trees
Lift up their jewelled crests, with regal pride,
As conscious of their beauty,—and, at times,
By the faint wind caressed, profusely fling
Down to the earth, the burden of their gems.
The Frost, with his most cunning ministry,
Hath visited the streams, whose drowsy song,
Through the long summer time, continuously
Stirred the soft air—and stream and song are still:
Yet might the ripple's curl deceive the eye,
So much it looks like motion—and the wave
Still seems to fret along its rocky bed,
And dash adown the cascade with its spray.
Where, o'er the deep ravine, the precipice
Frowns, and the water from its hidden springs

Trickled, erewhile, along the rocky ledge
And sought with frequent plunge the depth below,
See ! in what varied and fantastic forms
Those drops, congealed, are wrought ! How different all ;
Yet all, how beautiful ! Pillars of pearl,
Propping the cliffs above—stalactites bright
From the ice-roof depending ; and beneath,
Grottoes and temples with their crystal spires
And gleaming columns radiant in the sun—
Thrones carved from purest porphyry, whereon sit
Tall warrior-forms in coats of dazzling mail—
And strown profusely over all, rich gems
Shifting, with rainbow hues, and flashing back
The intrusive sunlight—these are thine, Oh Frost !
Thy marvellous doings, wizard Architect !
For thus thou praisest God !—and we will praise
His name with hymns, that He has sent us thee
With power to make the Winter beautiful.

1837.

A NEW YEAR'S FANCY.

An old man stood on a precipice-verge—

A gray old man was he ;

And a saddened light was in his eye,

As the mourner wind went sighing by,

And his glance was on the sea :

Below his feet was the warring surge,

Where the crested waves each other urge

In fury and wrath to the ragged rocks,

That quiver not to their mighty shocks,

However fierce they be.

Bowed with age was the old man's form,

And his cheek was deeply ploughed

With the share of Time—or haply, Thought

On the old man's face those furrows wrought,

While his bearing yet was proud ;

For the blood of Youth may still be warm,

While the brow bears record of many a storm

That the tortured thought has known within,
When the quickened spirit fought with sin,
 Or the woes that on it crowd.

Quaint was the dress that the old man wore,
 For a queer old man was he;
His bony legs were crowded in
To tight small breeks of a white bear's skin,
 All buckled at the knee:
A blanket was flung his shoulders o'er,
And pinned with icicles up before;
Like a thin snow-wreath, above them all,
Gleaming and bright, was a shadowy pall:
 'T was a solemn sight to see!

With a troubled mind, the old man thought
 On the waves that foamed below;
He tottered along to the farthest verge
Of the slippery rock, and viewed the surge
 With an aspect full of wo:
What in the deep the old man sought,
Legend or lay revealeth not;
But his gaze was long, and his eye grew dim,
Till in blinding tears it seemed to swim:
 Why wept the old man so?

Over his head was a broken tree,
Killed by the lightning-stroke ;
And an owl sat there with half-closed eye,
And poured on the air his boding cry,
Till the mountain echoes woke :
And, floating over the solemn sea,
A mournful dirge it seemed to be—
A mournful dirge for the buried dead ;
And sadly the old man raised his head,
And feebly, faintly spoke :

“ The death-song of the Year !
It tells me that my errand here is done,
That I have gazed upon my latest sun—
What further do I here ?
Trembling above the ocean of the Past,
Yet feebly clinging while my moments last—
“ Clinging to Life—in vain !—

The deep sea yawns before me—’t is the grave
Of vanished Years. Oblivion’s turbid wave
Flings not to light again
The buried treasures of the olden time—
Rolling alike o’er Innocence and Crime !

“ I go—and as I die,
The gay will laugh, forgetful of their doom,
Frolicking on the borders of the tomb
In thoughtless revelry :
Let them sport on beneath their sunny sky ;
Too soon, alas, the storm will hurtle by !

“ In the lone closet now,
Clasping the hallowed Book, the good man kneels,
Communing with the Past, while faintly steals
Across his placid brow
The mournful light of memory, soft and dim—
Oh, holy treasures hath this hour for him !

“ With love that cannot tire,
The mourning mother by the cradle-bed
Watches her wailing infant, while its head
Burns with the fever-fire !
The cold gray morn will come and find her there—
The living with the dead—Death and Despair !

“ The giddy world wheels on,
Unmindful of the lessons of the Past ;
Yet one more warning—it will be my last—
The Old Year's dying tone ;

Mortal! we meet again: so live, while here,
That you may call your last your happiest year."

The old man paused—for the icy rock
Quivered beneath his tread;
An angry scowl came over the sky,
And a sudden earthquake thundered by—
'Twas an hour of fear and dread!
The tall old mountains felt the shock,
And the sea heaved up, as if to mock
The old man's terror and despair,
As he gurgled out his dying prayer—
And THIRTY-SEVEN was dead!

Trembling, quivering on the air,
Like the solemn voice of prayer
Heard amid the forests dim,
Rose a low and mournful hymn—
Faintly now, as if its tones
Trembled into dying moans,
Or were almost hushed to peace,
Waiting for the soul's release—
Then again in triumph swelling
Upward to the spirit's dwelling,

Ringing through the clear blue sky
With a sudden melody !

'Twas the requiem of the Year,
Chanted in another sphere !
Fairy harps were faintly ringing,
Elfin voices low were singing,
While the spirits of the air
Poured their willing music there ;
And, if rendered not amiss,
Something was their song like this :

" Oh, weep for the Earth and the children of men !
Awake the sad music of mountain and glen !
Pour out the deep voice of lament on the blast,
For a Year hath gone down to the grave of the Past !

" A Year !—and the Earth waxeth old in its sin,
Though the fires of destruction burn hotly within ;
Though her end draweth near, and the time will not wait
When the voice of the Spoiler shall sound at her gate !

" Lament ! for the Year, with its promise of bliss,
Hath gone from a world full of mourning like this ;
And the hopes that it brought have been trampled in dust,
And its paths have been paved with the hearts of the just !

“Rejoice! for the day of redemption draws nigh!
Let loud hallelujahs resound through the sky!
Let the Years roll away, and the darkness shall flee—
Rejoice and exult, for THE EARTH SHALL BE FREE!”

CHARLES FOLLEN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

QUENCHED is another star, which burned
With steady light and lustre pure;
Though others from their orbits turned,
Its course on Freedom's path was sure:
Though round it roared the storms of time
And vapors gathered thick and black,
Still onward, in its strength sublime,
It swerved not from its radiant track.

A heart that glowed with warmth divine,
Pleading for human rights, is still—
In faith, in courage how like thine,
Brave HERMANN!—unsubdued by ill!
With lyre and sword amid the fight,
None struck a surer blow than he,
That from the holy seed there might
Come the rich fruits of Liberty!

A harp—'twas Freedom's own—whose strings
Trembled with music rich and rare,
Like tones some wandering seraph flings
Abroad upon the twilight air,
Lies shattered now—its master-bard
Is gathered with Death's countless throng—
Alas!—that henceforth can be heard
Only the echo of his song.

Science! a chosen priest of thine
Is snatched away, whose liberal hand
Flung richest offerings on thy shrine,
And oped, to his adopted land,
The priceless treasures of his own—
With gifts and graces to adorn
The ranks where he conspicuous shone,
Of choicest spirits, German-born.

Whilst warred the elements around—
Flood, Frost, and Fire—he heard a call;
The fleshly fetter was unbound,
And the freed soul, o'erleaping all,
Soared to the mansions of the blest,
Where pain and sorrow cannot be.
He whom two worlds with love caressed,
Is covered by the soundless sea!

THE DYING SLAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. L. I. KIDERLEN.

AROUND the sick-bed of their gray-haired friend
Stand brother slaves in silence, while each face
Reveals the anguish that the spirit feels,
As homeward to their distant country, turns
Their old companion. Suddenly he spoke :

“Slowly my strength is ebbing—and the band,
That long hath held the soul to cumbrous clay,
Loosens—while springs exultingly away
The fetterless spirit to our Fatherland ;
To live anew ’midst blessedness unspoken,
Its sorrows vanished and its fetters broken.

“Brothers—farewell ! Oh, never more for me
Be your cheeks stained with weeping—for is not
Mine, after years of pain, a joyful lot,
From the oppressor’s hate, scorn, avarice free ?
My soul even longs to know this body thrust
In Earth’s dark womb—dust to its kindred dust.

“ Let not the white man, with his words of guile,
Deceive your hearts—but, faithful unto death,
Hold fast, through all, your father’s better faith—
For gladly in their malice, would they wile
Even this away—those batteners on our blood—
And rob you of your last remaining good.

“ Smooth words they speak of God’s impartial love,
That, haply, they may lure you to the CROSS—
Believe them not—their promises are dross—
By the red scourge that tears our backs they prove
Their hearts are stone, their eyes know not compassion,
But on our anguish gleam with exultation.

“ Who loves the arrow that hath drank his gore ?
Implacable, eternal, be your hate
Of the hard tyrants who, with pride elate,
Have trod you down. But this with me is o’er—
Enough that our worn bodies drag the chain—
Free, free till death our spirits shall remain.”

And with the last word on his quivering lips,
Heavily sinks his gray head on his breast—
Life’s latest sands are shaken from the glass,
And naked stands the soul before its God.

HYMN,

SUNG AT A SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION ON THE FOURTH
OF JULY.

THIS is our Freedom's natal day,
And on thy bloodless altar, Lord !
Our sacrifice of praise we lay,
In solemn joy with one accord.

Not with the warlike pageant's pomp,
Not with the sound of fife and drum,
Not with the blast of the mighty tromp,
Into thy holy house we come !

No war-rent banner flouts the sky
In pride above our gathered ranks—
No red-mouthed cannon gives reply
In thunder to our solemn thanks.

The praises of our warrior-sires—
The blood-bought honors of the dead,
We pour not from our tuneful lyres,
Jehovah ! as Thy courts we tread.

Thine are the honors which we pay,
As in Thy temple-gates we stand—
Thine be the triumphs of the day!
And this, the Sabbath of our land!

We celebrate our Nation's birth,
Not with profane, unholy songs—
Not amid rioting and mirth—
But with hosannas on our tongues!

Blessing Thy goodness for the past,
And trustful of thy favor still,
We hold each precious promise fast,
And humbly wait to know Thy will.

EXPOSTULATION.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO SUFFERED DESPONDENCY TO
OVERCOME HER LOVE OF LITERARY PURSUITS.

MINSTREL of the pensive lyre!
Wherefore sleeps thy harp so long?
Wake again its strings of fire—
Pour anew thy witching song.
Lives with thee the power to bind
In the silken bonds of mind,
Hopes, and fears, and thoughts, and feelings,
All the spirit's high revealings—
Thou canst chain them with a spell,
In a bondage sweet and strong.
With the charm unspeakable
Which abideth in thy song.

Maiden minstrel! can the thrush
Be unmindful of her lay,
When upon the forests gush
Glories of the rising day?

Can the lark with tuneful throat
Be oblivious of his note,
As he soars with tireless pinion
Upward to the cloud's dominion,
Drinking in the beauties born
Of the rising mists of Morn,
As they catch the virgin ray
Streaming from the Fount of Day ?

Can the harp by fairies kept,
Viewless, in the wavy air,
By the wizard breezes swept,
E'er forget its music there ?
Can the song, that Zephyr weaves
Gaily in the forest leaves,
Cease its witching notes to fling
Out upon the Zephyr's wing ?
Can the stars that sung together
When the Universe was born,
As they track the boundless ether,
Watching for the golden dawn,
Hush the harmony, which erst
From their spiritual lyres
Like a living torrent burst
Echoing to Heaven's choirs ?

Can it be that one like thee,
Child of sweetest Poesy !
With a power to waken song
Whose surpassing eloquence
With a rapture most intense
Thrills the listener's heart along
And the witchery knowing well
That in poets' numbers dwell—
Still will keep thy harp unstrung
Idly on the willow hung ?
Is an evil spell upon thee ?
Hath despair for ever won thee ?
Shutting glory from thine eyes,
Checking even the wish to rise ?
Nay !—nor ever shall it be—
Deathless fame awaiteth thee !
Break the fetters which have bound thee
In their icy thrall !
Up !—and friends shall crowd around thee
Eager at thy call—
Let thy spirit never more
At its lot repine,
For, the night of darkness o'er,
Glory shall be thine !

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON VISITING MY BIRTH-PLACE AFTER YEARS OF
ABSENCE.

We are scattered—we are scattered—
Though a jolly band were we !
Some sleep beneath the grave-sod,
And some are o'er the sea ;
And Time hath wrought his changes
On the few who yet remain ;
The joyous band that once we were
We cannot be again !

We are scattered—we are scattered !—
Upon the village green,
Where we played in boyish recklessness,
How few of us are seen !
And the hearts that beat so lightly
In the joyousness of youth—
Some are crumbled in the sepulchre,
And some have lost their truth.

The Beautiful—the Beautiful
Are faded from our track!
We miss them and we mourn them,
But we cannot lure them back;
For an iron sleep hath bound them
In its passionless embrace—
We may weep—but cannot win them
From their dreary resting-place.

How mournfully—how mournfully
The memory doth come
Of the thousand scenes of happiness
Around our childhood's home!
A salutary sadness
Is brooding o'er the heart,
As it dwells upon remembrances
From which it will not part.

The memory—the memory—
How fondly doth it gaze
Upon the magic loveliness
Of childhood's fleeting days!
The sparkling eye—the thrilling tone—
The smile upon its lips—
They all have gone!—but left a light
Which time cannot eclipse.

The happiness—the happiness
Of boyhood must depart;
Then comes the sense of loneliness
Upon the stricken heart!
We will not, or we cannot fling
Its sadness from our breast—
We cling to it instinctively—
We pant for its unrest!

We are scattered—we are scattered!
Yet may we meet again
In a brighter and a purer sphere,
Beyond the reach of pain!
Where the shadows of this lower world
Can never cloud the eye—
When the mortal hath put brightly on
Its IMMORTALITY!

BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Wo! for thy many triumphs, Death!
Wo! that the righteous perisheth,
 And no man layeth it to heart!
Yet hath his spirit sweet release,
His troubles and his trials cease,
And ever in the perfect peace
 Of God he hath a part.

Such bliss is thine, oh thou! whose name
By generous deeds is linked to fame—
Thou—whom no danger could appal
When mindful of the heavenly call,
To loose the slave from tyrant-thrall,
 Thy country from its shame—
Nor toil, nor pain, nor scorn, nor wrath,
Nor ruffian threats of stripes and death,
Could turn thee back from duty's path,
 In courage still the same.

In other days, when Slavery's power
Had triumphed in an evil hour,
And wearied with the bootless strife—
With fainting heart and feeble hand,
Dejected stood the Spartan band,
Who warred for *right* as men for life--
To thee 'twas given to rouse the land :
Young, poor, untitled, and unknown,
With fearless breath thy trump was blown,
And on the winds thy banner thrown
Abroad with single hand !

Weeks, months, and years went by, and still,
Amidst accumulated ill,
Thy spirit shrank not from its trial ;
But, true to God and human weal,
Pressed on with unabated zeal,
In peril and in self-denial—
Till, roused by thee, the good awoke—
The dreamless sleep of years was broke—
Men started from repose, and saw
The trampled slave, with lifted eye,
Imploring in his agony
The Christian's succor ere he die—
The blessings of the Christian's law--

And underneath thy banner's fold,
The aged man, the stripling bold,
In mustering multitudes enrolled,
And hurried to the war !

Peace be to thee who gave no peace
To Freedom's foes till life did cease !

Oh, hadst thou lived to see
The triumph of thy noble cause,
The reign of **RIGHT** and **EQUAL LAWS**,
And listen to the world's applause,
Which yet shall sound for thee—
How had thy spirit leaped to join,
With strength and ecstacy divine,
The anthem of the free !

Rest, **FRIEND OF MAN!**—thy grave shall be
Henceforth a shrine, where pilgrim-feet
Shall press the turf that covers thee—
And pilgrims' lips thy deeds repeat—
How, in an evil age and time,
Thy voice rebuked the tyrant's crime,
And bade the bondman hope and wait
The coming of a happier fate,
When Freedom's mandate should be spoken,
And every yoke and fetter broken.

The slave, upspringing from his chain,
The tyrant, from his guilt set free,
Shall wet thy grave with tears, like rain,
Weeping and blessing thee !
And until Time his flight shall end,
Thy deeds of daring shall be known—
The moral triumphs thou hast won—

LUNDY—THE SLAVE'S UNFAILING FRIEND !

A PEOPLE'S CHAMPION !

AN APPEAL TO A CLERICAL FRIEND.

THOU art a teacher sent from Heaven ! 'Tis well !
Heaven's vows are on thy soul—and He who gave
Thy dread commission, hath with legible hand
Written his requisitions. Read with fear—
Study their solemn import, with a heart
Willing to know and do, and pray for strength
To meet the dread responsibility.

Thou art God's champion for the truth ! 'Tis well !
Stand boldly, then, and in the strength of Him
Who clad thy spirit in the panoply
Heaven gives its warriors, battle manfully
With ancient Falsehood and her horrid brood—
With Fraud and Error, and the legioned Lies
That walk with shameless front through all the earth
And claim it as their own.

Fling to the air
The banners of IMMANUEL ! and beneath
Their snowy folds, where blood-stain hath not been

Save of the victor, strike for God!—*strike home!*
And prove thyself no recreant.

Look abroad!

Guilt triumphs in the land, and fearless grown,
Exults in her immunity. Shall Earth,
Formed for thy glory, LORD! henceforth be hers
Without a struggle? Shall its prostrate realms
Bow to her sway, and kiss the bloody rod
She proudly shakes above them? God forefend!

Speak! Champion of the Cross! Uplift thy voice
And pour its warning, like a trumpet-tone,
Through all the startled land! To Israel
Reveal her great transgression, and the house
Of Jacob point thou to its crimson sins.
Spare not—for even the Church is stained with guilt,
And on her robes, once white, pollution reeks,
And her skirts drip with blood, while yet she hugs
All foul abominations to her heart!
Justice hath fallen in the street, beneath
The heels of ruffian trampers—Truth is driven
Forth from the temples of the Living God—
Mercy grows faint with pleading long in vain—
While rampant Murder and unsated Lust,
Bloated Oppression and foul Avarice,

A hateful brotherhood, walk hand in hand ;
And the false priest, while hiding in his robe
The price of bartered souls, looks on and smiles !
Cry !—for the good man faileth. Call aloud !
Lift up thy voice for truth and righteousness !
For God and for His Kingdom lift it up !
If thou art dumb, the stones beneath thy feet
Shall have a voice ! Earth *cannot* be thus dumb—
Earth—which hath drunk the blood of Innocence—
Earth—which hath hidden in her breast the slain,
Shall bare her crimson record to Heaven's eye,
And call aloud for vengeance !

Man of God !

Is this a time for folding of the hands ?
A time for sleep ?—while darkly in the sky
Retributive judgments gather, such as smote
Egypt in ancient time, till Ruin trod
Sole monarch of the land, and wildly rose
From all her fanes and myriad palaces
A universal wail—a Kingdom's cry
Of anguish for her multitudinous dead !
Up ! ere the coming vengeance overwhelm
The guilty People and the guiltier Priest!—
Up ! ere the fiery ruin hurtle down

Upon *our* country, to consume and waste,
Until, where now is Beauty, Death shall sit
Upon the smouldering ashes of our hopes,
Pointing his bony finger to a scene
Of wo, and desolation, and despair!

STANZAS FOR THE NEW-YEAR.

Down the dark tide of Time, with flow
Unceasing, hath another year
Its record borne of joy and wo,
 Hope, exultation, fear—
With constant force through shade and sun,
The swelling stream hath hurried on,
And flung its shattered wave at last
Into the ocean of the Past.
One moment in the fitful light
 Flashed the frail bubbles as they fell—
Then bursting, vanished from the sight,
And shrilly the wild winds of Night
 Shrieked the OLD YEAR's farewell !
So hath it gone—and with it borne
Treasures that Time cannot return:
High hopes—that o'er existence threw
The glory of their rainbow hue.
And to the Future gave a light
 Like that which shone in Eden's bowers
In earliest time—too purely bright
 For such a world as ours:

Dreams—such as lull the poet's soul
And fill it with divinest thought,
Till underneath its meek control
Passion, and pride, and sense are brought:
Desires that overleaped the earth,
And proudly turning from the real,
Claimed in a higher world their birth,
Grasping the mystic and ideal:
And more than these—the love which flung
Its blessed light Life's clouds among,
Till to the waiting soul was given
Bright glimpses of the upper Heaven.

So hath it gone—and oh! not all
Who hailed in thoughtless mood its birth,
With music and with festival—
Still with their presence gladden earth.
The Beautiful—whose radiant smile
Like sunshine fell upon the heart,
And who with words of cheer the while,
Lovingly spoken, could beguile
The spirit's grief, and reconcile
The living to life's cureless smart—
Oh! early summoned to depart!
We miss you from our common track;
We weep—but cannot win you back!

The sunshine of your smile is flung
On brows that wear no trace of sorrow,
The radiant hosts of Heaven among—
And richer notes are on your tongue
Than e'er from harps Æolian rung,
Or Earth from Music's self could borrow.
We mourn—but not for you whose eyes
Have closed on earth to ope in heaven—
The freed from mortal agonies—
To whom eternal rest is given!
Our tears are for the living only—
For sorrowing hearts whose hopes are fled
Whose memories are with the dead—
For them—the crushed and lonely.

So hath it gone—the olden Year—
Life's wrecks upon its vanished wave—
Nor pauses in his dread career
Death's ally and his charioteer,
Sweeping, remorseless, to the grave,
Alike the tyrant and the slave,
The good the beautiful, the brave,
The peasant and the peer;
And sadly swells on every gale
The death-dirge and the funeral wail.

Pass on—God's minister of wrath !

“ Time, the Avenger ! ”—pass thou on—
Though in thy desolating path

Are wrecks of Empires strown !

What though the Good have sunk beneath
Thy billowy surge, struck down by Death ?

They to their rest have gone !

And nearer to its final fall—

Nearer to his dishonored tomb—
The Babel by Oppression built,
The tyrant, hardened in his guilt,
For redly burns upon the wall
The writing of their doom !

Pass on—returnless years ! Ye bring

Nearer the golden age of Time—
When man, no more an abject thing,
Shall from the sleep of ages spring,
With new-born life, and proudly fling
Aside his bondage and his crime,
And rising in his manhood, be
What God designed him—pure and free !

And Earth, throughout her every clime,
No more the spoil of human hate,
By sin no longer desolate—
Returned her bloom—renewed her prime—
Shall in her Eden-dress appear;
Exulting in her youth restored,
And singing praises to the Lord,
Through all her New—her SABBATH-YEAR !

SONNET.

A DREAMY whisper from the sweet South-west,
Borne on the just-awakened Zephyr's wing,
Comes to the ear with stories of the Spring,
And bids the heart in her return be blest.

Joy to the Earth!—for Spring with breeze and song,
Leaflet and bud, comes jocundly along,
While in her breath the trees are blossoming.
And see! the greenness of the tender grass
Where her light footstep airily doth pass—
The clear-voiced birds, and streams, and fountains, sing
A woven melody to greet her coming,
And voices low and musical are humming
A song of welcome—and the earth rejoices,
And praises God with multitudinous voices.

EDITH.



BOUND in the dreamless slumber of the tomb—
Resting in quiet with the quiet dead—
Faded from cheek and lip life's roseate bloom—
From lovely clay the lovelier spirit fled—
So hath she mingled with Death's numberless throng,
With them co-tenant of the populous grave—
Oh deep will be her slumber—deep and long,
While o'er her head the tall rank grass shall wave !

And this is Edith's grave. Oh many a tear
Hath quickened the young grass that crowns its sod—
A stricken heart hath poured its anguish here,
And looked for comfort to the mourner's God !
Tread lightly, stranger—for the loved, the young
Sleeps, cold and still, beneath thee—wake her not !
Here have the wizard-winds her requiem sung—
Tread lightly, stranger—'tis a hallowed spot !

Brief was thy stay with us, oh, gentlest one!
Beautiful idol of a widowed heart—
Sweet soother of a mourning mother—gone
Swiftly—for ever! Thus the loved depart!
Thou wert too beautiful, too bright a blossom
For the cold winds of earth to sere and dim,
And ere a care had crossed thy guileless bosom
Thy Heavenly Father called thee home to Him!

Yet had the friends around thee fondly deemed
That thou wouldest bless them with thy looks of love,
And with the music of that voice, which seemed
The echo of some seraph-song above,—
When long and weary years had passed away,
And cast a shadow on their loveliness—
And as they hastened onward to decay
Thy presence should be with them still to bless.

How are those ardent hopes for ever withered!
How hath departed that fond mother's trust!
Her last, bright blossom to the grave is gathered,
And life's gay dreams lie shattered in the dust!
The holy light that cheered her path is faded
In the cold darkness that pervades the tomb,
And the bright wreath of joy her fancy braided,
Is torn and scattered by a cruel doom!

Yet, mother! think not as thou bendest o'er
The grave's dark brink, thy child is mouldering there—
Her spirit resteth on a happier shore,
And floats her triumph-song on Heaven's air!
How would thy heart leap when her face was bright!
And now no cloud of grief can dim her brow—
Her songs would thrill *thy* bosom with delight,
Angels enraptured listen to them now!

Joy, and not tears, for Edith!—for her lot
Is bright and blessed! Early hath she flown
Where pain, or sin, or sorrow cometh not—
The God who loved her, claims her as His own!
Look upward, Mother!—for her home is there,
Amid the saved, the ransomed, the forgiven—
Look upward, mourning mother! and prepare
To meet the loved one of thy soul in Heaven!

H. A. B.

DEEM not, Beloved ! that the glow
Of love with youth will know decay,—
For though the wing of Time may throw
A shadow o'er our way ;
The sunshine of a cloudless faith,
The calmness of a holy trust,
Shall linger in our hearts till Death
Consigns our “dust to dust !”

The fervid passion of our youth—
The fervor of Affection’s kiss—
Love, born of purity and truth—
All pleasant memories—
These still are ours, while looking back
Upon the Past with dewy eyes ;
Oh dearest ! on Life’s vanished track
How much of sunshine lies !

Men call us poor—it may be true
Amid the gay and glittering crowd—
We feel it, though our wants are few,
Yet envy not the proud.
The freshness of Love's early flowers,
Heart-sheltered through long years of want,
Pure hopes and quiet joys are ours,
That wealth could never grant.

Something of beauty from thy brow,
Something of lightness from thy tread,
Hath passed—yet thou art dearer now
Than when our vows were said :
A softer beauty round thee gleams
Chastened by time, yet calmly bright ;
And from thine eye of hazel, beams
A deeper, tenderer light—

An emblem of the love which lives
Through every change, as time departs ;
Which binds our souls in one, and gives
New gladness to our hearts !
Flinging a halo over life
Like that which gilds the life beyond !
Ah ! well I know thy thoughts, dear wife !
To thoughts like these respond.

The mother, with her dewy eye,
Is dearer than the blushing bride
Who stood, three happy years gone by,
In beauty by my side!

OUR FATHER, throned in light above,
Hath blessed us with a fairy child—
A bright link in the chain of love—
The pure and undefiled :

Rich in the heart's best treasure, still
With a calm trust we'll journey on,
Linked heart with heart, dear wife! until
Life's pilgrimage be done!
Youth—beauty—passion—these will pass
Like every thing of earth away—
The breath-stains on the polished glass
Less transient are than they.

But love dies not—the child of God—
The soother of Life's many woes—
She scatters fragrance round the sod
Where buried hopes repose!
She leads us with her radiant hand
Earth's pleasant streams and pasture by,
Still pointing to a better land
Of bliss beyond the sky !

THE YOUNG POETESS.

SHE was a lovely creature,—young and fair,
And light of heart, and brilliant was her eye—
For never had the siroc-breath of care
Swept o'er her spirit. Ocean, Earth, and Sky
To her clear, spiritual vision, wore a robe
Transparent as the light—and she would gaze
With an enraptured spirit o'er the globe,
On sea, vale, mountain—and in wonder raise
Her rich-toned, girlish voice, pouring her soul in praise !

She was a happy creature—bounding on
From joy to joy, and feasting still her soul
Amid Earth's beautiful things, till she had won,
Or seemed almost to have won, the very goal
Of earthly bliss. Familiar was her eye
With Nature's wildest scenes—for well she loved
To watch the foaming cataract, flinging high
Tempests of sheeted foam, until the sky
Kissed the upspringing waters!—and her soul,
By the high majesty of Nature moved,
Panted to burst away from Earth's corrupt control.

Her eye would kindle with a strange delight
As its glad vision wandered o'er the stars ;
And she would watch them in the silent night
For ever "wheeling on their golden cars"—
Or when the storm-cloud o'er the sky was flung
Like a broad pall, its loveliness to veil,
And the wild Demon of the Storm had sung
His song in thunder and the sweeping gale,
With a rejoicing spirit she would hail
Their dread approach, and feel her soul expand
With awe beneath their presence. In the grand
And terrible war of elements, when the cloud
Burst in its fury o'er the wind-swept Ocean,
And Deep to answering Deep was calling loud,
With voice of storm-lashed waters, the commotion
Stirred the quick pulses of her heart, and thrilled
The chords of spirit with a mystic feeling—
And gazing still, her swelling soul was filled
With thoughts too mighty for the mind's revealing !

She loved the hush of forest-solitudes,
Where the clear streamlet ripples peacefully,
And foot of Fashion's votary ne'er intrudes—
For there, in silent loneliness, could she

Hold sweet communion with the things around her—
The stream—the leaflet—or the passing breeze,
Sweeping in freedom o'er the forest-trees—
And, as the spell of Poesy had bound her,
She seemed enthralled to each delightful spot
Her footstep visited—and she would linger
Hour after hour, around some shaded grot,
Wreathing the wild-flowers with her delicate finger,
Unconscious of employment—while her eye
Cast its inquiring glances to the sky,
As it would fain have read the mysteries there;
Or from the white folds of a floating cloud
Had caught a glimpse of some bright angel-pinion
Careering onward through the fields of air,
Seeking again the beautiful dominion,
From which, perchance, it had a moment bowed !

Let not the mind engrossed in worldly schemes
Deem her's was idle—or that squandered all
Were the lone hours of phantasies and dreams
Whose mystic visions held her soul in thrall—
For by a long and intimate communion
With things invisible, the human soul
Almost forgets its temporary union
With that which binds it, in a stern control,

To gross, material nature—and its vision,
 Expanded, brightened, fondly turns away
To catch new glories from the fields Elysian,
 And view new beauties in the “Realms of Day”—
And still the heart grows better—and the hand
 Is open to relieve the wants of others,
And the mild eye beholdeth in the band
 Of Wo's despairing children, friends and brothers !

”Twas even thus with her—for though she loved
 To muse in solitude, amid the wild
And dreamy forests, yet she often roved
 Through Sorrow's lonely haunts, to seek the child
Of hopeless Misery, and pour the balm
 Of sympathy upon the bleeding heart ;
To comfort the despairing, and to calm
 The wounded soul till it forgot its smart.

But what avails the story of the Past ?
 “She was!”—those two brief words will tell it all !
And such may be our epitaph at last,
 When we are covered by the sable pall.
She lived—she loved—she died—and is forgot,
 Save by a few fond hearts that linger yet
To mourn around the consecrated spot
 Where slumbers one they cannot all forget !

MAY.

THE Spring-time, with its balmy breath,
Is abroad upon the hills;
And the sunshine dances gaily
To the music of the rills;
And timidly the violet lifts
Its head from the dewy grass,
As if to catch the fragrant gifts
Of the breezes, as they pass.

Kissed by the spirit of the wind,
The buds are peeping out
With their roguish eyes, as if to see
What Nature is about!
The peach-tree and the lilac
Unfold their virgin charms,
And look as if they meant to woo
The Summer to their arms.

The cunning birds are busy now,
For their wooing time has come;
And their little hearts flow out in song
As they build their summer home;
They fling their notes on the odorous air,
And lighten their toil with love—
And the watching maiden breathes a prayer
For the minstrels of the grove.

'Tis a pleasant thing to look upon
The greenness of the Earth,
When the sunshine melts the ice away
And calls the flowers to birth.
And the change, I ween, to the musing mind,
A thought of the day shall bring,
When the Winter of Death shall pass away
For Life's eternal Spring!

STANZAS,

ON SEEING A GROUP OF GIRLS KNEELING IN SILENT PRAYER.

Look ! they are kneeling—and each brow is covered
With the white hands that press them, while an awe
Rests on their souls, as if above them hovered
The Holy Spirit, visibly, to draw
The young affections of their guileless bosoms,
The ardent hopes which burn within each breast,
From earthly treasures to those fadeless blossoms
That wreath the bowers of Everlasting Rest !

Still—still—as if each spirit held communion
In silence with its God—or else had flown
Away from Earth to seek a closer union
With HIM who sits upon the dazzling Throne,
Before which angels and archangels, bending,
Offer perpetual worship!—while abroad,
Through Heaven's bright regions, harps with voices
blending
Pour loud Hosannas to the LIVING GOD !

A balmy breeze, with fragrance richly laden,
Comes, as from Heaven, to greet those kneeling girls ;
And, as it softly passes by, each maiden
Feels its air-fingers dallying with her curls—
Yet heeds it not, unless, perchance, her spirit
Deems it a whisper from that better world
Which the pure-hearted only shall inherit
When Earth's last wrecks shall be in ruin hurled !

Are they not beautiful ? Nor voice—nor motion
Is there—and yet those silent worshippers
Feel their hearts burning with as pure devotion
As lip e'er uttered—and the love, which stirs
Each humble spirit, is a flame from Heaven
Lit on the altar of the human heart—
Oh, bright will be the hope that shall be given
To those who choose in youth “the better part !”
Do they—the guiltless—guileless—whose existence
Has been a summer-morning, cloudless, bright,
Do they, while gazing in the forward distance
On future scenes of joyance and delight,
Feel they have sins which need to be forgiven ?
That in God's *mercy* only they can trust ?
If *they* need grace to fit their souls for Heaven,
Be *my* proud spirit humbled in the dust !

A WORD TO THE SOUTH,

Written at a time memorable for its numerous pro-slavery meetings, at which inflammatory speeches, from distinguished men, excited a spirit of lawless violence against the Abolitionists, producing those frequent and disgraceful outrages which are fresh in the recollection of all. The lines were originally published in the number of the "Liberator" which appeared two or three days after the famous "property and standing" mob in Boston had dispersed a meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, and assailed the person of William Lloyd Garrison with such fury that the city authorities could protect him nowhere but within the walls of a jail.

LET the storm come ! Oh, impotent and vain
The mad attempt to overwhelm the Truth,
To quench its blaze, or drown its thunder-tones
In the wild tumult of the popular rage !
Hark ! from the North to the extremest South
Rolls a continuous voice—" *Repent ! repent !*"
And on the conscious winds is borne afar
The impious response—" *The lash ! the stake !*
Death to the advocate of Human Rights !"
The lash ! Why shrunk not Dresser when the scourge
Reeked in his blood ! The voice of thanks arose
To God who had endued him with the power
To suffer uncomplainingly. Go to !

Tortures and stripes were made for servile souls—
The free, bold hearts who trust in Israel's God,
Cannot be moved thus lightly. Strong in HIM
Whose wrath against Oppression hotly burns,
They shrink not from the peril nor the shame
Which they must meet who wake the tyrant's wrath,
And dare to trample on unholy Power !

Let the storm come ! A cry for blood hath gone
Out on the winds of heaven ! The *chivalrous* South
Calls on the North to render up her sons—
To sacrifice her worthiest, and appease
The *holy* wrath of those who rob their God ;
And the pale North hath bowed, and kissed the foot
Of her imperious master !

“ Ho!—the chain !

Fetter the press ! put out the light of truth !
Hang the disseverers of our sacred bond !”
Go, mocker ! chain the unfettered winds, which sweep
Over your fervid plains, freighted with groans
From the down-trodden—make them do your will,
Blow when you list, and when you bid, forbear !
Fetter the swelling ocean, that its waves
Shall slumber, hushed and tranquil ; with a nod
Turn the sun backward from his path of light ;

Quench the rejoicing stars, and blot the moon
From the fair page of heaven; *then* turn and throw
Your manacles on mind—and fetter speech,
And thought, and action; and with dreadless hand
Hurl the Eternal from his throne, and seize
The sceptre of the Universe! and then,
When God is God no longer, *we* will fear,
And, cringing, do your bidding. *Not till then!*

Let the storm come! It beat with fiercer rage
When cried the multitude, with maniac shout,
“LET HIM BE CRUCIFIED!” Ye war with God!
Impious and unbelieving! HE hath bared
His right arm for the battle, and hath thrown
His buckler over us—and every wound,
And every outrage which we suffer now,
In the hot conflict for the RIGHT, shall be
A token and a pledge of victory!

OCTOBER, 1835.

TO A PLAYING BOY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

CRADLED upon thy mother's knee,
And circled in thy mother's arms,
Beautiful child! thine infant glee
Is broken by no rude alarms;
Nor grief, nor care, can reach thee there,
Safe sheltered on that holy Isle—
Thy brow may still its brightness wear—
Thou in the grave can'st look and smile.

Innocent visitant of Earth!
Arcadia is around thee now—
And from thy joyous glance shines forth,
And beams upon thy radiant brow,
NATURE, unchecked—yet limiteth
Thy wanton strength which lacketh still
Courage, and aim, and holy faith,
Thy being's purpose to fulfil.

Play on! play on! for soon will come
Life's toil, and misery, and care—
And joy, which makes thy heart its home,
Shall be a transient dweller there!
Time, stern and pitiless, hurries by,
And nought are infant smiles to him;
For where he looks with spectral eye,
Life's pleasant sunshine groweth dim!

“LET ME GO.”

[These lines were occasioned by the death of an uncommonly beautiful and interesting child—the only son of a sister-in-law—who died in the fourth year of his age. His last sickness was intensely painful, and his sufferings were terrible beyond all description. During a brief interval of agony, he looked up mournfully into his mother's face, and, as if wearied with the burden of his young life, softly said—“Mother, do let me go!” They were the last words he spoke.]

“MOTHER, *do let me go!*”

The earnest gaze
Of the poor sufferer for a moment turned
Upon his mourning mother, and his eye
Had a beseeching eloquence in its light,
While the low music of his pleading voice
Pierced to the weeper's heart. She bowed her head
Till his bright hair was lifted by her breath
And whispered, “Whither, dearest?” No reply
Came from the dying boy—yet still his words
Rung in the mourner's ear, and thrilled her heart—
“*Mother, do let me go!*”

The damps of death

Were gathering on the brow of the beloved,
And the bright eye was fading. Beautiful
Even in his paleness lay the dying boy,
Gasping and quivering in the iron grasp
Of the Destroyer, while a plaintive tone
Came fitfully and faintly from his lips;
Heavily on his brain the burning hand
Of Sickness rested, and the mother knew
Death lingered for his prey.

But yesterday

He was all life, and mirth, and happiness,
His mother's idol, and his father's joy,
Laughing and leaping in the frolic mood
Of happy, sinless childhood,—beautiful
As an embodied dream of Paradise—
His clear voice ringing on the floating air,
Like the rich music of the summer birds—
And his light footstep, as he bounded on
Through the wild paths around his father's home,
Scarce crushing the sered grass and withered leaves
That Autumn's winds had scattered in his way.
Oh, how that mother, as she fondly gazed
On the wild pastimes of her fair-haired boy,

Felt her full heart dilate, and swell with pride
Which none but mothers know!—Oh how that heart
Yearned with unutterable love, as he,
Tired of his play, came bounding to her side,
To fling his white arms round her willing neck,
And press his soft lips in a kiss to hers!
Memory—away! why linger on the past?
Its blessed sunlight brings no radiance
To scatter present gloom. What is he now?
Death from his laughing eye hath snatched the light,
And set his signet on his baby brow!
The pallid lip is moveless—never more
Will it in joy or sorrow, lovingly,
Murmur—“Dear mother!”

In a quiet spot,
Where, in the Spring-time, sweetest wild-flowers bloom,
And the glad birds pour out their roundelay—
Just as the sun was flinging his farewell
Over the joyous earth, with many tears
They bore him to his rest, and lightly fell
The gravel on his coffin.

The wild winds
Will sing his requiem, and the driving sleet

Cling to his grave-sod—yet his dreamless sleep
Will not be broken!

{ Weep—thou desolate one!
Weep—broken-hearted mother! for thy child
Sleeps in the grave's cold keeping! Yet, in grief,
Forget not Him who chasteneth in love,
He on the wounded heart will gently pour
The healing Gilead of his GRACE DIVINE—
Till in the fulness of a grateful heart
Chastened, but thankful, thou shalt bless the day
Of thy bereavement, and in patience wait
The hour thy spirit shall rejoin thy child's,
In that bright world where Sin and Death are not!

ARCHY MOORE.

"As I stood upon the forecastle and looked towards the land, which soon seemed but a little streak in the horizon, and was fast sinking from our sight, I seemed to feel a heavy weight drop off me. The chains were gone. I felt myself a freeman; and as I watched the fast-receding shore, my bosom heaved with a proud scorn—a mingled feeling of safety and disdain.

"'Farewell, my country!—such were the thoughts that rose upon my mind, and pressed to find an utterance from my lips; 'and such a country! A land boasting to be the chosen seat of liberty and equal rights, yet holding such a portion of her people in hopeless, helpless, miserable bondage!'

"'Farewell my country! Much is the gratitude and thanks I owe thee! Land of the tyrant and the slave, farewell!'

"'And welcome, welcome, ye bounding billows and foaming surges of the ocean! Ye are the emblems and the children of liberty—I hail ye as my brothers!—for, at last, I too am free!—free!—free!'"—*Archy Moore, Vol. II. p. 146-7.*

FROM my heel I have broken the chain!

I have shivered the yoke from my neck!

Free!—free!—as the plover that rides on the main—

As the waters that dash o'er our deck!

In my bosom new feelings are born—

New hopes have sprung up in my path—

And I leave to my country defiance and scorn,

The curse of a fugitive's wrath!

My country?—away!—for the gifts which she gave

Were the whip and the fetter—the life of a slave!

Thank God! that a limit is set
To the reach of the tyrant's control!
That the down-trodden serf may not wholly forget
The right and the might of his soul!
That though years of oppression may dim
The fire on the heart's altar laid,
Yet, lit by the breath of Jehovah, like Him
It lives, and *shall* live, undecayed!
Will the fires of the mountain grow feeble and die?
Beware!—for the tread of the Earthquake is nigh!

Proud Land!—there is vengeance in store
For thy soul-crushing despots and thee—
When Mercy, grown faint, shall no longer implore,
But the day of thy recompense be—
When thy cup with the mixture of wrath
Shall be full—the Avenger, in power,
Shall sweep like a tempest of fire o'er thy path,
Consuming the tree and the flower—
And thy mountains shall echo the shriek of despair,
While the smoke of thy torment shall darken the air!

Wo! wo! to the forgers of chains,
Who trample the image of God:
Calls for vengeance the blood of the bondman, which stains
The cursed and the verdureless sod!

Ye may tread on the poor—but not long!

Ye may torture the weak—while ye dare!

But wo!—for the arm of a People is strong

When nerved by revenge and despair!

Let the fetter be tightened!—the sooner 'twill break!

Trample on!—and the serf shall more quickly awake!

* * * * *

My country!—the land of my birth!

Farewell to thy fetters and thee!

The by-word of tyrants—the scorn of the earth—

A mockery to all shalt thou be!

Hurra! for the sea and its waves!

Ye billows and surges—all hail!

My brothers henceforth—for ye scorn to be slaves,

As ye toss up your crests to the gale!

Farewell to the land of the “charter and chain,”—

My path is away o'er the fetterless main!

JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL.

"His was no rough character, tempered and fitted for the toils of life; as well might a flower bear up against a whirlwind, as he against the troubles that assailed him."—*Obituary of J. O. Rockwell.*

HE was the Child of Genius—and his soul
Burned with the living fire of Poesy!
Earth, with its multitude of vales and hills—
Mountains whose heads are turban'd in the clouds,
And valleys deep where scarcely peers the glance
Of the meridian sun—the infinite Sea,
Cradling its beautiful isles, and with its waves
Chanting a solemn lullaby—the Sky
Gorgeously gemm'd with sabaoth of stars,
Or curtained with the voiceful thunder-cloud—
Yea, Earth—Sea—Sky—were ever unto him
As a familiar volume, where he read
Marvellous legends of the olden time,
And conned mysterious truths, which he transcribed
On the fair tablets of his wondering soul.
What time he wandered forth alone—the stars

Burning above him, and the quiet earth
Like a hushed infant slumbering—he loved
To list to Nature's ever-varying voice,
And let the influence of the stilly hour,
Like a wierd presence, steal upon his soul,
Hushing each turbulent thought, and chast'ning all
His aspirations, till he felt himself
Lifted from earth, and sense, and sin, and lost
In the dim shadows of the dread **TO BE!**

He lived not in the Present—but his mind
Framed a new world, and fairer far than this—
A world of Phantasie, where fruits and flowers
Were ever fresh and fadeless, men were brave,
And women true, and poets idolized—
And in the dim realm of creative Thought,
He could forget awhile the selfishness,
And fraud, and violence, and wo of earth.
Poesy claimed him for her own, and breathed
Into his soul her spirit, and bestowed
An intuition of the Beautiful !
His heart was tuned to music, and his ear
Quick to detect the latent melody
That slumbers in the harp of Æolus,
What time the breezes murmur not, nor wake,
Save fitfully and faintly.

Months and years
Passed o'er the youthful dreamer, stealthily,
Almost unheeded—for the world of thought
In which his spirit reveled, still was bright!
And Hope, with magic wand, before his eyes
Etched beautiful pictures of the coming time,
And still the cheating syren gaily poured
Her most bewitching songs upon his ear,
And whispered flattering and delusive tales,
Of future greatness. Fame, too, diadem'd
And radiant with beauty, such as Mind
Throws round her own creations, standing high
On a proud pinnacle—around her brow
A gorgeous chaplet of undying flowers,
And in her hand a sceptre—smilingly
Looked on the young enthusiast, beck'ning him
Onward and upward ever! Thus he lived
In, and yet scarcely seeming *of*, the world—
Peopling the Universe with glorious forms—
Thoughts, feelings, passions, exultations, hopes,
Desires, and ecstacies, creations all
Of his own mind, yet wondrous beautiful!—
Holding companionship with vales and brooks,
Mountains and forests, sky, and clouds, and stars,
Sunlight and tempest, lightning, hail, and snow,

And wresting from them all a dialect
Known unto him alone, that ever came
With a peculiar eloquence to his soul ;
He had no time to con the blotted page
Of human life—the record of its woes—
The history of its treacheries and tears—
And therefore was he happy.

But a cloud

Came o'er the blue sky of the dreamer's life,
And the glad sun was shadowed. He went forth
Undisciplined—unpanoplied—alone—
From the sweet home of infancy, to mix
In the wild tumults of the world, and meet
The foes that should beset him—Envy—Hate—
Falsehood and Treachery—Distrust and Care.
The stars of life went out, and Darkness flung
Her thick pall o'er his spirit—and his brow
Lost its serene expression—and his eye
Grew cold and dim—his gorgeous dreams of Fame
Vanished, like frost-work from the sun's warm kiss—
And the fresh hopes that buoyed his spirit up
In earlier days, were withered now and crushed !
The delicate harp was shattered ! and its strings
Wailed fitfully and wildly in the breeze—
Pouring their mournful music over earth,

Like the low dirge above the early bier
Of the beloved and perished.

Brief the time
Of the young poet's struggle. Earth became
Even as a peopled sepulchre to him ;
Joyless as death, and cheerless as the grave !
Then Madness came, and laid her burning hand
Upon his brain—he shuddered at the touch,
Struggled a moment with the pitiless fiend,
Convulsively—and died.

Kinder than man,
Earth welcomed home her own—"ashes to ashes
And dust to dust"—a few hot tears were shed—
The praise denied in life, over his corse
Was freely poured—but, oh ! too late—and then
One of Earth's loveliest and most gifted ones
Was left to the oblivion of the grave !

Who piled his monument ?—who sang his dirge ?
Where lingers his remembrance ?—who can tell
His struggles and his triumphs ? Hath not Earth
A single harp to chant his requiem ?
A single hand to pile his monument ?
None !—none ! Oh, what a mockery is fame !
The bard hath perished—and the world forgot !

BIRTH-DAY SONG.

KATRINAH! feel you not with me
Our years are hurrying on,
And that the sparkle of life's cup
For evermore is gone ?
Already hath the share of Time
Marked deeply on my brow
The furrow that too plainly tells
That youth is over now.
My locks, which once were darkly brown,
Grow grisly now and thin;
Old Age comes stealthily along—
The thievish mannikin !—
And in my face he shakes his paw
As he is gliding by,
And snatches with his felon-hand
The lustre from my eye !

The honey-moon of life is past—
Our days of fun are over—
We may not tread the dance again,
The loved one and the lover !
So, soberly and quietly
We'll sit and count the hours,
Nor deem that we are roving still
Amid life's early flowers.
We plucked the blossoms long ago,
And scattered to the wind
Their shattered leaves all recklessly,
Nor left a bud behind !
Well—let them go ! if we have walked
O'er green and flowery lawns,
Oh, let us murmur not, though now
Our path is thick with thorns !

How brimming was the revel-cup
We lifted to our lip
In early time—but, oh ! how brief
Our spirits' fellowship
With sunny hours, and bursting flowers,
And Eden-colored things !
How quickly came the dimness o'er
Our bright imaginings !

The sunlight hath departed,
And the tempest broodeth now
Above our path ! *I fear it not—*
Katrinah ! fearest thou ?
Nay, let it burst !—for we have lived
Till Life's delights are gone—
And what on earth should tempt us now
To live and linger on ?

GONE—NOT LOST.

“ Not to the grave—not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved—
The spirit is not there !”—*Southey*.

A MERRY voice which rang of erst
 Amid the pleasant scenes of home,
More joyous than the music-burst
 That to the dreamer’s ear doth come—
A happy voice, whose every tone
 Was fraught with gladness, pure and deep,
Hath passed from earth—its echo gone—
 And they who loved are left to weep.

A sparkling eye, which seemed while here
 A ray of light from realms above,—
Within whose depths so bright and clear
 Were nestled Purity and Love—
A pleasant eye, which shone on all
 With kindest glance, dispelling gloom,
The brightest at the festival—
 Is rayless now within the tomb.

A lovely form—its every limb
Proportioned with exactest grace—
No longer by the side of him,
The loved and lover, is its place :
A perfect form—alas for mirth !
Joy is no more our spirits' guest—
Upon the gelid lap of Earth
The Beautiful is laid to rest !

The Spirit!—where is that which flung
Its witchery over face and form ?
Which gave its music to the tongue ?
The eye its captivating charm ?
Which breathed in word, and shone in glance,
And threw a glory over all ?
Sought it a high inheritance ?
Or slumbers it beneath the pall ?

Turn from the grave ! a thing so pure
Is safe from every shaft of Death,
And shall through endless years endure—
A portion of JEHOVAH's breath !
Turn from the grave ! the all we loved
Lives yet in worlds beyond our ken;
And who will mourn it, thus removed
From all the toils and woes of men ?

Our time will come—till then we'll tread
In hope the path that she hath trod,
For HE whose word is truth, hath said
“*The pure in heart are blessed of God!*”
And she was pure—for even on earth
Her spirit caught no dimming stain—
Oh, let us emulate her worth,
And surely shall we meet again!

THE SONG OF CAPTIVITY.

PSALM CXXXVII.

Lo! we sat, a mournful band,
Exiled from our Zion long,
Captives in a stranger land,
And the foes of God among;
Where the waters darkly swept,
Mournfully we sat and wept—

Wept for Zion's overthrow—
For her holy places waste,
Trampled by the ruthless foe,
And her glory all effaced;
While the willow boughs among
Were our harps in silence hung.

For the spoiler asked for mirth:
“ Give us one of Zion's songs!”
From the country of our birth
Exiled, can we tune our tongues?
Homeless, in the stranger's home
Harp and voice alike are dumb.

Salem! if amid thy foes
I should cease to think of thee,
And, forgetful of thy woes,
Thou no more my joy should be,
Let my hand forget her skill,
And my tongue in death be still.

But a day of vengeance comes—
Who its fury shall withstand?
To the spoilers of our homes—
To the trampers of our land!
Edom! swift upon thy path
Sweep the ministers of wrath!

Lo! Destruction waiteth now,
Haughty Babylon! for thee;
And amid thine overthrow,
Sorceress! happy shall he be
Who shall take thy little ones,
Dashing them against the stones!

ELIJAH PARRISH LOVEJOY.

MURDERED AT ALTON, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 7, 1837.

HERE rests, oh God ! thy martyr ! Men should give
Due honor to his ashes, as they tread
Over the grave of one whose actions shed
Lustre undying, fame not fugitive,
On the proud name his children bear. He died,
Not as the traitor, whose base spirit yields,
For ease or safety, rights that God hath given,—
Not as the craven, who, for Truth and Heaven,
With doubtful heart, the keen-edged weapon wields,
And from the field ingloriously is driven,—
By courage high *his* death was sanctified,
His deeds, by faith and prayer—and none hath striven
More nobly in a noble cause—therefore
Honor be his, and praise for evermore.

“REFORM CONVENTION.”

[Stanzas written on reading the yeas and nays, in the Convention for reforming the Constitution of Pennsylvania, upon the adoption of Martin's amendment, depriving the colored citizens of their political rights.]

It *is done!*—and the record is traced
Henceforth to be linked with your fame—
It shall stand on the page of your life, uneffaced,
A witness for aye of your shame!
To years and to ages unborn,
Throughout every kindred and clime,
Ye shall be as a by-word, a hissing and scorn,
To the pure and the good of all time!
The curse of the slave and the taunt of the free
Henceforth and for ever your portion shall be!

O'er the graves of those true-hearted men
Who scoffed at the crown and the chain,—
In the land hallowed still by the spirit of **PENN**,
Whose precepts ye dare to profane—

Ye have trampled the weak in your might!

Ye have torn from the hands of the poor
The charter of manhood—the blood-purchased right
Which your fathers were fain to secure.

Base forgers of fetters! how well have ye won
The hate of a world by the deeds ye have done!

In the days of our darkness and wo,
When the tyrant was here in his pride,

And trembled the land 'neath the tread of the foe,
They fought by their white brothers' side—

The scorned and the outcast—they poured
Their blood in the terrible fray—
On the red field of battle they won, by the sword,

The rights ye have wrested away:
In the hour of our peril they breasted the storm,
And stood up for Freedom, unshaken and firm!

And this is the meed of their toil!

And this their exceeding reward!
To be in the land which they fought for, a spoil—
A people oppressed and abhorred!

In vain to the Rulers they cry—

The proud listen not to their moan;
And the hypocrite-priest, as of old, passes by,
And leaves them to perish alone!

Yet shout! for our land is the home of the free—
No people on earth are so gallant as we!

Be the names of thy time-honored dead,
Pennsylvania! remembered no more!
Let the wreath of thy glory be torn from thy head,
For the day of thy splendor is o'er—
And thy Sun, in an evil eclipse,
Dimly shines on thy patriot-graves,
While Liberty's name is profaned by the lips
Of tyrants—the basest of slaves!
These—these be thy Gods! lay thy lip in the dust—
For the robber now sits in the seat of thy Just!

How thy true-hearted children will blush,
Who exultingly spoke of thee once,
Proud land of a Franklin, a Morris, a Rush!
When they hear of thy recreant sons!
Let thy banner be torn into shreds!
Let the flag of the pirate unfurl—
An emblem of outrage—to float o'er the heads
Of a *Martin*, a *Cummin*, and *Curll*!
Be the voice of the PAST, with its memories dumb,
While hosannas are sung to a *Foulkrod* and *Crum*!

But shall this be the end? shall the star
Of thy glory for ever be hid?
And thy children be fettered to Tyranny's car,
To do as the despot may bid?
No! never!—"the free soul of PENN"
Lingers yet o'er the land of his love—
And thy *Friends* to the rescue, from hill-top and glen,
In the strength of their purpose shall move!
Thy FORWARD and EARLE have not spoken in vain,
For the sun of thy splendor shall beam forth again!

Then, tyrants! look well to your path!
A cloud shall come over your fame—
And the terrible storm of a free People's wrath,
Overwhelm you with anguish and shame!
To years and to ages unborn,
Throughout every kindred and clime,
Ye shall be as a by-word, a hissing and scorn,
To the pure and the good of all time!
The curse of the slave and the taunt of the free
Henceforth and for ever your portion shall be!

VESPER HYMN.

SHADES of Evening! ye have cast
To the earth your woven pall,
And the night is coming fast
Over wood and waterfall.

Dimmer grows the dying light,
Though its beauty lingers yet—
Look!—upon the brow of Night,
Like a gem is Venus set!

Softly in the shadowy pines
Floats a spirit-winged breeze,
And the star-light dimly shines
On the tall and ancient trees:

Tones of music linger there,
Lifted on the willing wind—
Holy as the whispered prayer
From the soul that never sinned!

Bounteous Benefactor! thou
Hast preserved us through the day;.
Humbly would we thank thee now,
As we kneel to praise and pray:

While the day of life shall last,
Guide us, wheresoe'er we roam—
When the night of Death is past,
Take us to thy heavenly home!

SONNET TO THE NORTH STAR.

Methinks thou lookest with a kindlier eye
Than do thy radiant sisters, on the path
Of the tired fugitive, who flies the wrath
Of the oppressor, while serene on high
Thou smilest in thy beauty. Blessed Star !
Thou lone “incendiary” of the Northern sky !
Unquenchable beacon-fire of Liberty !
Shining in love, from thy blue home afar—
To thee, in hope, the toil-worn bondman turns,
Through the long night, his sleepless eye, and presses
Pantingly on through tangled wildernesses
To Freedom’s land, for which his spirit yearns !
Shine on, thou bright “fanatic !” for the arm
Of hangmen “patriarchs” cannot do thee harm !

JUNE.

JUNE, with its roses—June !

The gladdest month of our capricious year,
With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear ;
And with the drowsy tune
Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass
Laughingly on amid the springing grass !

Earth, at her joyous coming,
Smiles as she puts her gayest mantle on ;
And Nature greets her with a benison ;
While myriad voices, humming
Their welcome song, breathe dreamy music round,
Till seems the air an element of sound.

The overarching sky
Weareth a softer tint, a lovelier blue,
As if the light of heaven were melting through
Its sapphire home on high ;
Hiding the sunshine in their vapory breast,
The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.

A deeper melody,
Poured by the birds, as o'er their callow young
Watchful they hover, to the breeze is flung—
Gladsome, yet not of glee—
Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing
Above their cradled infants slumbering.

On the warm hill side, where
The sunlight lingers latest, through the grass
Peepeth the luscious strawberry! As they pass,
Young children gambol there,
Crushing the gathered fruit in playful mood,
And staining their bright faces with its blood.

A deeper blush is given
To the half-ripened cherry, as the sun
Day after day pours warmth the trees upon,
Till the rich pulp is riven;
The truant school-boy looks with longing eyes,
And perils limb and neck to win the prize.

The farmer, in his field,
Draws the rich mould around the tender maize;
While Hope, bright-pinioned, points to coming days,
When all his toil shall yield
An ample harvest, and around his hearth
There shall be laughing eyes and tones of mirth.

Poised on his rainbow wing,
The butterfly, whose life is but an hour,
Hovers coquettishly from flower to flower,
A gay and happy thing ;
Born for the sunshine and the summer day,
Soon passing, like the beautiful, away !

These are thy pictures, June !
Brightest of Summer months—thou month of flowers !
First-born of Beauty, whose swift-footed hours
Dance to the merry tune
Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant shout
Of Childhood on the sunny hills peal'd out.

I feel it were not wrong
To deem thou art a type of Heaven's clime,
Only that there the clouds and storms of Time
Sweep not the sky along ;
The flowers—air—beauty—music—all are thine,
But brighter—purer—lovelier—more divine !

TO MY QUAKER COUSIN.

"Don't tell me of the feelings, the fine sensibilities, the hope and joy, and the true poetry of man's life being blunted by the increase of years! Why, I'll hate old age, if it is true! Make this, if thee pleases, no longer an apology for the laziness thee is guilty of when thee ceases to give us and every body the 'scintillations of thy poetical genius.' It is not that thy 'days are in the yellow leaf,' but that they are days of downright—laziness!"—*Extract from her letter.*

YES, thou art right, sweet coz ! I own
I am a lazy rhymer—very,—
And seldom gives my harp a tone
Of willing music, sad or merry ;
Its strings are snapped, or out of tune,
And I myself am out of fashion,
For wailing ditties to the moon
Was never my peculiar passion.

I never wet my thirsty lip
At Helicon's inspiring fountain,
Nor even in fancy took a trip
To meet the Muses on their mountain.

The voice of Fame is sweet enough,
Doubtless, for devotees who love her,
But then her hill is quite too rough
And steep for me to clamber over.

Lazy and uninspired, can I
Write for thee canzonet or sonnet?
Or, smitten by thy beauty, try
To perpetrate a song upon it?
No—though thy charms of face and form
Wouldadden, like a heavenly vision,
When wine and love had rendered warm
Some dreamer of the fields Elysian!

No—though the wicked world should swear
Thou art the latest importation
From that bright realm where seraphs are
Bending for aye in adoration!
For beauty is at discount now
With the dull muse that weaves my numbers,
Nor laughing eye, nor polished brow,
Gleams on her in her dreamless slumbers.

But, for the brightness of thy youth,
And for the chastened love I bear thee,
And for thy gentleness and truth,
Which even thievish Time must spare thee,

And for thy heart which overflows
With kindness for the wronged and lowly,
And for thy guileless soul which glows
With tenderest feelings, pure and holy—

And for that fervent zeal for Right
Which burneth in thy bosom ever,
And for that steadfast faith whose might
In peril's hour shall fail thee never—
For human sympathies, which bring
True hearts around thee to adore thee—
For these, dear coz! I kneel and fling
The tribute of my song before thee.

Others may sonnetize the spell
That lives within thy radiant glances,
And lying bardlings boldly tell
That loveliness around thee dances;
Vows may be offered thee in rhyme,
And worship paid in common metre;
But these will pass with passing time,
For beauty than the wind is fleeter.

Be mine the better task to find
For thee a tribute undegrading:
Flowers from the garden of the mind,
Fragrant and pure, and never fading—

Gems from the mines of knowledge won,
Brighter than fancy ever painted—
An offering to lay upon
The altar of a heart untainted.

So, when the hand of Time hath reft
From face and form thy youthful graces,
A tenderer beauty shall be left
To sanctify their fading traces;
A chastened radiance, born of Thought,
Around thy path shall then be shining,
With more than earthly brightness fraught,
To gild and bless thy life's declining!

THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

"She of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had."

OH, strong in faith ! thus cheerfully to fling
With unreluctant hand, thine earthly all
Upon God's altar ! Did no fear appal,
No dread arise of future suffering,
Of anguish such as poverty may bring
To the worn frame, o'ertasked ? No—for between
Thy faith and God no cloud did intervene.
Thou could'st not doubt the fulness of that Spring
Whence flowed thy sure supply ! Thrice happy thou,
On whose unquestioning faith the Savior's eye
Looked and approved ! Thy record is on high—
And, taught by thee, my doubting soul shall bow,
And own with shame its former fears unjust,
Clinging henceforth to God in perfect trust.

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

[THE MIDDLE OF DECEMBER—THERMOMETER AT ZERO.]

THIS feels like winter! Ugh! how bitterly
Cometh the keen northwester! In the west
Dark clouds are piled in gloomy masses up,
And from their folds comes freezingly the breath
Of the Storm-Spirit, couched and shrouded there.
But yestermorn the streams were murmuring
With their low, silvery voices, pouring forth
Their own peculiar music on the air,
And glancing in the sunshine radiantly.
Now their clear tones are hushed—for the Frost-King
Hath thrown his fetter on them, and evoked
The voice of melody that dwelt with them
In the bright summer hours, and they are staid
In their free current, frozen, murmurless.

Where stays the sunshine? Hath it learned that Earth
Is chilled through all her veins, and for some grudge
That seemed forgotten long ago, resolved

To let it freeze for ever? Or, perchance,
The sun himself is frozen. If that cloud
That hangs so like a pall along the sky,
Would move his body corporate, and begone
Back to his ocean-mansion, we might learn
Whether the sun be dead or slumbering.

Ho! bring my cloak, Katurah! Heap the wood
On the hot hearth—draw up the high-backed screen:
Let the winds whistle now, if so they will—
I care but little for their minstrelsy,
So I can shut from me their freezing breath.
Well—I am warm and quiet; but, i'faith,
I pity the poor wight that's forced to face
Old Boreas to-day. Necessity
Alone will call forth travelers, and—ugh! ugh!
This cough—ugh! ugh!—will kill me presently
An I am not more careful. Oh, the seams
Around the doors and windows are unclosed.
List!—List!—a roll of list! I will not freeze
In my own domicil. Heap on the wood,
And throw another mantle round me—there!

Hark! as I live, I hear the ringing sound
Of the light skaters on the frozen lake—
And see! how merrily they wheel away

In swift gyrations o'er the glassy ice,
As if a power were given them to fly !
The happy dogs!—Heaven grant they may not freeze.
I thought no boy would venture out to-day
For sport or labor, an he were not flogged
For tarrying within. Well, after all,
It may not be so *very* cold for them—
And I remember me when I was young,
How little cared I for the biting frost,
So I might whirl upon the ringing steel
Merrily on, surrounded by a group
As happy as myself, all life and joy !
But s'death ! a few short years will make a change
In a man's sensitiveness, 'specially
When they bring with them gout and rheumatism,
Toothachs and agues, fevers and catarrhs—
And worse, far worse than aught, ay, than *all* else,
Dread hypochondria ! They will find it so—
Those merry boys now skating on the lake—
If they, like me, indulge in turtle-soup,
Sauces, and pies, and cakes, and the whole round
Of eatables and drinkables which load
Their glutton-feeding table, who, like me,
Are cursed with wealth that brings but pain and care.

Would I were still a merry, pennyless boy,
As light of foot and heart as I was once—
Free from dispespy—free from every pain
Money has purchased for me!—then would I
Bind the bright skate upon my agile heel,
And skim—ugh! ugh!—I've added to my cold.

THE DEATH OF THE OUTLAW.

"His untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence reared,
But the charmed eddies of the autumnal winds
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness."—*Shelley*.

A NIGHT of storm and darkness! The strong wind
Shrieked like a tortured spirit, as it swept
Through the gnarled branches of the splintered oaks—
Then died away in faint and fitful gusts,
Wailing its strength departed. The big rain
Dashed to the earth in torrents, for the clouds,
Aweary of their burdens, opened wide
Their vapory cisterns, and sent down their floods,
Deluging earth; while sullenly, afar,
Growled the hoarse thunder with its voice of doom,
And the faint lightnings shot with lurid glare
Athwart the blackness, like a gleam from hell!
Tall trees and giant-limbed, which had withstood
The outpoured wrath of centuries, and dared
The rending fury of a thousand storms,

Quivered, as rushes, in the strong embrace
Of the fierce hurricane, and, shattered, fell.
From the steep precipices, turbid streams
Rushed down in foam and thunder, and the vales
Sank under whelming waters !

A rude hut

Scooped partly in the hill-side, and built up
With rough stones from the quarry, thatched with turf,
Pillared in front with trees, its only door
An earthquake fissure in the solid rock,
Stood lonely in the forest's loneliest depths,
A meet home for the Outlaw. On the hearth
The waning fire burned dimly, and its light,
Fitfully flashing through the low-roofed room,
Revealed the countenance of one whose name
Had been a terror,—and its ghostly glare
Played over features whereon suffering
And crime had traced their record, rendering
His ghastly visage ghastlier. Matted locks,
Black as the midnight tempest, straggled o'er
His wrinkled forehead, hiding the deep seams
Furrowed by time, and haply some old scars
Where the stern blood-avenger's steel had been !
And from beneath his shaggy brows peered out

His restless, eagle eye, fierce, unsubdued
In its expression, and undimmed, as when
Amid the bloody strife, it glanced along
The rifle's barrel with unerring aim.

Crouched at his feet and shuddering with fear,
Moaning responsive to the tempest's moan,
A mastiff lay, looking with wistful eye
Up in his master's face. That dog had been
His only faithful follower. One by one,
When fortune's favors were withheld, his friends,
Equals in crime but not in fortitude,
Left him to battle with an adverse world—
To struggle, single-handed, in his hour
Of utmost need—they left him, and his heart
Gathered its wasted love, and learned to hate
With deadlier hatred than it knew before!

His had been better days, when Life was young,
And Hope, for ever smiling by his side,
Pointed her radiant finger to the bowers
Where Pleasure, like a goddess, sat enthroned,
And Love and Joy, her beautiful ministers,
Laughed in her sunny presence. Hope deceived
The young enthusiast's heart—Love turned away—

Joy was for gentler natures—and he learned
To scorn the worship of his early faith,
Which had deceived and mocked him, until all
His household gods were shivered. Passions wild,
Unchecked, untutored, woke within his soul—
Unsanctified Ambition was his God,
And with a fervor which knew nought of fear,
He threw the richest treasures of his life—
Love, friendship, innocence, an offering
Upon her bloody altar. Crime became
Familiar as a sister, and he grasped
Her gory hand in his, and broke away
From every kindly influence, and became
A wild, fierce rover, ripe for deeds of blood,
The leader of a band of desperate men,
Careless of others' life as of his own.
The law proscribed him—he contemned the law!
Men hunted him, in vain—he scoffed at men!
A price was set upon his head—he slew
The seekers for his life, and laughed at fear!
Those he had trusted left him—self-sustained
He stood alone, and hurled at friend and foe
His fierce defiance!

He had built his hut
In the deep shadows of the tangled wood,

Far from the haunts of men, and, sick of life,
Had come to die, as he had lived, alone.
He felt the energies of life, so long
Stretched to their utmost tension, wearing out
With the consuming toil, the watchfulness,
And wild excitement of unhappy years.
He came to die—despising in his need
All human sympathy. As day by day
Lapsed to the voiceless ocean of the Past,
He asked not, recked not of the tale it bore,
But smiled that it was gone—a portion lop'd
From his existence.

* * * * *

Fiercer raged without
The turbulent storm—the thunder louder pealed—
Glared the red lightning on the dazzled eye,
A fierce, continuous flame—crash followed crash
In quick succession—and the splintered boughs
Sprang quivering from the Storm-God's fiery touch !
Yet closer to his master's feet the dog
Crouched trembling, whining piteously in fear.
The Outlaw's soul was quickened, and a sense
Of its own power and daring came again,
Waked from its sleep by elemental strife.
A thrill of joy he had not known for years

Quivered among his heart-strings, and the pride
Of other days came o'er him. From his couch
Of furs he sprang, and pushing back the door
Of his rude cabin, gazed with wild delight
On the mad riot of the raging storm.

“ Ha! this is well! It gives
Health to my soul, and strengthens it again
To triumph over terror, and the pain
That in the spirit lives—
The powers of darkness hold their revel now
And the strong trees confess them as they bow!

The winds lift up their voices
In wildest agony, and the stooping clouds
Hang o'er the quaking earth like giant shrouds—
The Tempest-God rejoices
In the fierce freedom of his tameless might,
And sits exultant on the throne of Night!

Gods! what a crash! again
The terrible thunder rolls along the heaven,
And the red bolts from rifted clouds are driven
As if to rive in twain
The rock-ribbed earth! Another flash!—the sky
Glares, a broad sheet of lightning, on my eye!

And this for me!—my life
Vividly pictured!—for my days have been
A storm—a tempest—terrible to men—
A long protracted strife—
Dark thoughts—fierce passions—spurning all control
Have waged perpetual war within my soul!

Now I would die! The hate,
The vengeance of mankind I have defied,
And my strong spirit, panoplied in pride,
Hath triumphed over fate!
Men could not slay me!—but I know my hour:
'Tis come—I feel its presence and its power.

Life! all its ties are broken—
Love! it is cankered by the gathered rust
Of early tears—Joy! trampled in the dust—
Friendship! it hath no token
Within my heart—my heart itself is sere,
Withered within me! Wherfore am I here?

Wherfore? *To die!* The storm
Shall shriek my death-song in the desolate woods,
Mingling its voice with roar of mountain floods,
And o'er my perished form
The genii of the air their watch shall keep,
Jealously guarding its eternal sleep!

It comes ! it comes !—the cloud
Freighted with death rolls onward ! See ! the glare
Of the red lightning quivers on the air !

A fiery, phantom-shroud
Floats from the vapors' blackness ! Mine ! 'tis mine !
Man slew me not ! Storm-Spirit ! *I am thine !*"
A flash—a peal—a splintering of the rocks—
The cloud passed on. A charred and stiffened corse
Lay at the threshold of the Outlaw's door !

ALMIRA.

THEY tell me thou art dying—

Though when I saw thee last, life's crimsom glow
Brightened thy cheek, and on thine eloquent brow
Beauty and health sat throned, as if defying
Death and his ally, Time. Wo! that for thee,
Bright one, and loved too well! an early shroud should be!

Wo! that with all thy gifts,
And with Life's pathways bright before thee yet,
Thou should'st depart—thy sun at noon-day set

Darkly and lone, where Morning never lifts
Her radiant light, nor voice of breeze or bird
By the still, pulseless sleeper of the tomb is heard.

That thou should'st perish! *thou!*
Whose step was like the fawn's upon the hills,
When the young Eve her earliest dew distils,
And her first star gleams coyly on her brow:
Death for the aged—for the worn with care—
But thou art for the grave too exquisitely fair!

Too fair?—alas, sweet Friend!
Thy cheek is faded, and thine eye is dim—
Death claims thee for his own—and what to him
Are youth and beauty? These must have an end;
Time will not spare, and Sickness, in a day,
Bears glow, and light, and lustre all away.

Yet must I think of thee,
Oh gentlest! as I knew thee well and long—
A young, glad creature, with a lip of song,
An eye of radiance and a soul of glee—
Singing sweet snatches of some favorite tune,
Or wandering by my side beneath the sky of June.

Unto the stricken heart
Thy coming step was music, and thy voice
Bade the desponding soul again rejoice:
Thine was the power, sweet Friend! to cure the smart
Of Sorrow's wounds, and with the healing balm
Of sympathy, heart-felt, the anguished soul to calm!

And blessing, thou wert blest—
Joy poured for thee her song for ever new,
Friends were around thy path—the tried—the true—
And peace and quietness were in thy breast,
And Love—how thrilled thy heart to his sweet tone,
When at the altar's side he claimed thee as his own!

But this is of the past—

Wo! that the scene should change! What art thou now,
With thy pale, quivering lip, and marble brow,
And thy strange, spiritual beauty, cast
Around thee like a mantle? Death is strong,
And terrible in his strength—for earth thou art not long.

The cold, insensate grave

Shall claim thee as its own!—the grave?—alas!
That the too fondly worshipped thus should pass!

Hath not the healer skill and power to save?
Dark, doubly dark to us will be earth's gloom,
Oh, faithful Heart and true! when thou art in the tomb!

NOTE.—The preceding Stanzas were written a few days before the death of Almira C. Rand—better known as Almira Crandall. The sickness which after months of slow decline laid her in an early tomb, was brought on by assiduous exertions in the education of a class whom prejudice shuts out from many of the avenues to improvement. She assisted her sister Prudence in the school for colored girls at Canterbury, (Ct.,) and bore with cheerful fortitude, her share of the reproach and persecution incurred by that benevolent undertaking. When driven thence, after they had nobly struggled a year and a half against an opposition as disgraceful for its means as for its object, Almira resumed her labor of love in Providence, (R. I.,) and prosecuted it with unabated zeal, till her health yielded to too arduous toil. Though its cessation produced a partial recovery, and for several months she could attend to the duties of the new domestic relation into which, near this time she entered, yet the hopes of her friends soon proved delusive, and the grave received, in the morning of her days, all that earth could claim of one so lovely.

THE FREEMAN.

He worthy is of freedom—only he
Who claims the boon for all—and, strong in right,
Rebukes the proud oppressor by whose might
The poor are crushed—for TRUTH hath made him free,
And LOVE hath sanctified his liberty!
When Tyranny his horrid head uprears,
And blasts the earth with pestilential breath,
Girded with righteousness and strong in faith,
He stems the tide of wrong; nor scoffs, nor jeers,
Nor ruffian threats, nor fierce mobocracy,
Can daunt his soul, or turn him from the path
Where duty points. Not his the craven heart
That shrinks when tyrants bluster in their wrath;
But well in Freedom's strife he bears his part.

A SONG FOR THE NEW-YEAR.

One sigh to the Year that hath sped!

One tear o'er the bier of the Past!

And the soul shall be nerved as it turns from the Dead,

A glance o'er the Future to cast.

It is folly to cherish regret

For joys which are shrouded in gloom—

The Future hath sunshine to gladden us yet,

There is brightness this side of the tomb!

Let us banish our sadness and dash off the tear,

And sing for the birth of another New-Year!

Our ranks have been thinned, it is true;

The loved and the lovely are flown—

The Grave hath claimed tribute! and deeply we rue

The strength and the excellence gone!

The Beautiful sleep in the dust,

The Mighty have passed from our side,

And our hearts have been dimmed by the cankering rust

Of sorrow for those who have died!

To the loved and the lost give a tear and a sigh—

While our welcoming song to the Future swells high!

The hopes which sprung up in our path,
When the Year that is buried was new,
Are sunk to the dust, and the shadows of wrath
Have hidden their fragments from view.
The joys which were ours, are departed,—
Their light, though effulgent, was brief;
The Year that we greeted with accents light-hearted,
Hath left us the victims of Grief.
Yet hurra for the Future! our hearts shall be free—
Though the Past hath deceived us, we'll trust the TO BE!
The dust is on many a brow,
The dimness in many an eye,
That blessed us in days which are parted—and now
We think on our loss with a sigh.
But not for an hour such as this,
Is the mournful remembrance of joy
Which is shrouded in dust—with the future a bliss
Shall be found which no grief can destroy!
Be the Past, then, forgot—while the clouds of to-day
By the sunlight of Mirth shall be melted away!
For the friends whom we greeted of old,
The lovely, the good, and the brave—
Let the death song be sung—for the hearts which are cold
In the stillness of death and the grave!

To cherish their virtues is well;
To think, with a mournful regret,
Of the stars of our life that so suddenly fell;
Of the suns, ere their noonday that set!
Yet why should we mourn them?—one dirge—'tis the last
Which we give to the friends and the joys of the Past!

Not in gloom and despair are we left
To mourn o'er the hopes which are flown;
Not yet of all gladness our hearts are bereft,
There are joys which may still be our own.
The Future, perchance, hath a balm
To heal all the wounds of the past;
Life's tempest-tost voyager shall yet find a calm
Where his rest may be peaceful at last.
Then courage! our sorrows we'll cast to the dust,
And welcome the Future in hope and in trust!

MARRIAGE HYMN.

Oh, kindly from thy Mercy Seat,
Jehovah ! condescend to bless
These young and trusting hearts, which beat
In glad fruition's happiness.

Be this their union blest of Thee—
Not for this fleeting life alone ;—
Hearts, wedded for eternity,
Oh seal them, Savior ! as thine own.

And may they keep their plighted faith
Inviolate through coming years ;
Loving unchangeably till death,
The same amid earth's hopes and fears.

Be Thou their God—their guardian Thou—
As through Life's wilderness they roam !
Even as thou hast blest them now,
Still bless them in the years to come !

And let Thy smile in wo, in weal,
Be like a sunbeam in their hearts;
So shall it still be theirs to feel
The joy which holy love imparts.

And when, at last, Life's sun grows dim,
And dearest earthly ties are riven,
In death be theirs the victor-hymn !
And theirs the deathless joys of Heaven !

COWPER.

Cloud upon cloud rolled darkly o'er his sky,
Denser than he might pierce, which cast a gloom
More fearful than the shadow of the tomb
Upon his pensive spirit. To his eye
No ray of hope was darted from on high :
He deemed himself predestined to a doom
Hopeless and endless, and a cold despair
Sank heavily on his heart, and rested there,
Yet holiest affections found a home
Within that heart—and many a plaintive sigh,
Laden with prayer, went upward to that God
Whose chastening is in mercy ; and the rod
Was then withdrawn : Death snatched the gloom away,
And poured upon his soul unending day !

THE CHAMPIONS OF SLAVERY.

THY triumphs, TRUTH ! shall come—when Error,
Stripped of his thin disguise, shall shrink
Before thy piercing eye with terror,
And back into his caverns slink
Abashed and humbled—though his brow
Right haughtily is lifted now,
And many a willing devotee
Before his altar bends the knee,
Meanly exulting to be known
As Falsehood's chosen champion.

Such are the men, oh God ! who turn
The pages of thy volume over—
Not of its blessed truths to learn—
But haply if they may discover
Some separate text, some little clause,
To prop Oppression's failing cause,
Sanction the trampling of thy laws,
And wrest the poor man's right away—
Blind leaders of the blind are they !

Impious blasphemers ! who would plunder
Jehovah of his attributes,
That they may keep the bondman under,
Yoked in with dumb and senseless brutes :
Yet, while with blood their garments drip,
They worship God with perjured lip—
And mark ! the sanctimonious eye,
The lifted hand, the brazen brow,
As to the poor black man they cry,
“ Off! I am holier than thou ! ”

Such are the men who, lost to shame,
And deaf to mercy, dare to frame
Mischief by law, to turn away
The needy from his right, and make,
At Slavery's beck, for Slavery's sake,
The merciful a prey !
Oh shame ! that such should lift their hands
For evil deeds in Christian lands !
Profaning with their very breath
The name of Freedom, while they swear
To make her weal, in life and death,
Their own peculiar care.
Perjured and false ! Yea—thrice forsown !
The tyrant's tool !—the good man's scorn !

What! shall we crush our sympathies,
And strangle pity in its birth—
And, heedless of the poor man's cries,
As from the scourge and chain he flies,
Harden our hearts and close our eyes;
And thrust him from our home and hearth,
At their demand, whose lying lips
Boast of democracy and—whips?
Serviles! still prompt at Slavery's beck
To bend the knee and bow the neck,
Or, hound-like, press upon the track
Of him who haply may have broke
From his worn neck the tyrant's yoke,
And drag him to his bondage back?
No! till our lips are sealed in death,
We'll speak with unabated breath
For God and for his trampled poor!
Till in his place of guilty power,
Trembles the despot of the hour—
Trembles the haughty evil-doer!
And bursting from Oppression's thrall,
Proudly the dark-browed slave shall claim,
In Freedom's consecrated name,
The rights that God hath given to all!

REQUIEM.

THE strife is o'er—Death's seal is set
On ashy lip and marble brow;
'Tis o'er, though faintly lingers yet
Upon the cheek a life-like glow:
The feeble pulse hath throbbed its last—
The aching head is laid at rest—
Another from our ranks hath passed,
The dearest and the loveliest!

Press down the eyelids—for the light,
Erewhile so radiant underneath,
Is snatched for ever from our sight,
And darkened by the spoiler, Death:
Press down the eyelids—who can bear
To look beneath their fringed fold ?
And softly part the silken hair
Upon the brow so deathly cold.

The strife is o'er! The loved of years
To whom our yearning hearts had grown,
Hath left us, with Life's gathering fears
To struggle darkly and alone;
Gone, with the wealth of love which dwelt,
Heart-kept, with holy thoughts and high—
Gone, as the clouds of evening melt
Beyond the dark and solemn sky.

Yet mourn her not—the voice of wo
Befits not this her triumph-hour;
Let Sorrow's tears no longer flow,
For life eternal is her dower!
Freed from the Earth's corrupt control,
The trials of a world like this,
Joy! for her disembodied soul
Drinks at the fount of perfect bliss!

TO A YOUNG LADY.

HOPE, strewing with a liberal hand
Thy pathway with her choicest flowers,
Making the Earth an Eden-land,
And gilding time's departing hours ;
Lifting the clouds from Life's blue sky,
And pointing to that sphere divine
Where Joy's immortal blossoms lie
In the rich light of Heaven—be thine !

Love, with its voice of silvery tone,
Whose music melts upon the heart
Like whispers from the world unknown,
When shadows from the soul depart—
Love, with its sunlight melting through
The mists that over earth are driven,
And giving earth itself the hue
And brightness of the upper heaven—

Peace, hymning with her seraph-tones
Amid the stillness of thy soul,
Till every human passion owns
Her mighty but her mild control—
Devotion, with her lifted eye,
All radiant with the tears of bliss,
Looking beyond the bending sky
To worlds more glorious than this—

Duty, untiring in her toil
Earth's parched and sterile wastes among—
Zeal, delving in the rocky soil,
With words of cheer upon her tongue—
Faith, with a strong and daring hand
Rending aside the veil of heaven,
And claiming as her own the land
Whose glories to her view are given—

These, with the many lights that shine
Brightly Life's pilgrim-path upon,—
These, with the bliss they bring, be thine,
Till purer bliss in Heaven be won—
Till, gathered with the loved of Time,
Whose feet the “narrow way” have trod,
Thy soul shall drink of joys sublime,
And linger in the smile of God !

DECEMBER.

A VOICE is on the air—the long, low howl
Of Winter coming from his frosty home,
Over our pleasant valley-paths to roam,
Girt with his zone of ice. The roused winds growl,
As maddened at his presence—and a frown
Sits on the brow of heaven, serene erewhile
In the faint glow of Autumn's quivering smile.
The streams, ice-bound, move sluggishly along
To their own muffled, melancholy song.

The tall old trees, robbed of their leafy crown,
Shake their nude branches to the eddying storm
In fierce defiance, as it hurtles by—
And dimly towering to the cloud-wrapt sky,
The Tempest-Spirit lifts his shadowy form !

INVITATION.

THE Morning beareth on its dewy wing
The fragrance of a thousand bursting flowers,
And Nature's songsters have begun to sing
Praises to Him who built their forest-bowers ;
The green trees, in their bright appareling,
Sprinkle the wakening earth with chrystal showers ;
And the bright sun mounts upward, like a God,
Pouring from golden urns his light abroad.

Come from thy couch, Katrine ! and the cool air
Shall greet thy cheek refreshingly, and kiss
The glossy ringlets of thy raven hair,
As it could feel a consciousness of bliss !
Come to the fields with me, and let us share
The joy of Nature on a morn like this ;
And drink her blessed influence, as the sun
Drinks from the flowers the dew. Haste, dearest one !

Glad songs are floating on the winged wind—
The birds, the brooks, are vocal with delight—
The Heavens smile as man had never sinned,
And Earth rejoices in her splendor bright;
Come with thy lute—and we will leave behind
The home of men, and let our hearts unite
In the green wood, where none but God above
Can hear the passionate language of our love !

THE DEAD INFANT.

SWEET bud of being!—for a moment given
To show how pure young spirits are in Heaven—
Then snatched in love from all the woes of earth,
Not dead, but wakened to a nobler birth—
Called from the thorny maze by others trod,
Home to the bosom of the infant's God!
Called early, ere the ruthless hand of Time
Had dimmed thy spirit with a shade of crime—
Cannot thy memory even now impart
Sweet consolation to the bleeding heart?
Cannot thine infant spirit from above
Say to the mourner, “God afflicts in love!”

Happy thy lot, dear child! escaped from all
That shrouds the spirit like a gloomy pall;
Thy pangs all over—rest thee, pure one! rest—
We would not call thee back since thou art blest!

THE FUGITIVE.

“YE shall torture no more with the scourge and the chain,
For the fetter which bound me is broken in twain ;
And I leave you its links with the blood rust thereon,
A witness of deeds that the despot hath done.

“Away—and for ever ! I spurn the control
Which hath fettered my body and bowed down my soul—
With the pride of a freeman I trample in scorn
The yoke which my neck hath too patiently borne !

“Ye may follow my track where the herbage is red,
For my feet have been bathed in the blood of your dead—
Ye may follow in vengeance—but wo for the hour !
For your footsteps are girt by a perilous power !”

He spoke—and the triumph of vengeance was seen
In the flash of his eye and the pride of his mien ;
And he muttered a curse on the land of the South,
While a smile of derision still played round his mouth.

One look on the spot which his hatred hath cursed,
And away, like a steed of the wild he hath burst !
Exultant, he bounds over hill-top and plain,
And his foot spurns the earth with the pride of disdain.

No more shall the blood of the fugitive drip
All warmly and red from the overseer's whip—
No longer shall thrill on the fugitive's ear
The threat of the master, the taunt, and the jeer.

Away to the land of the North—for her star
Shall beacon thy course from its blue home afar—
Away, like the wind—pausing not to look back,
For the seeker of blood shall be quick on thy track !

Where the home of the planter magnificent stood
There are mouldering ruins and foot-prints in blood—
Where the tone of the viol rose soft on the air
Is the voice of the mourner—the wail of despair !

Wo! wo! for the lovely, the good, and the brave,
By the whirlwind of vengeance swept down to the grave !
For the Spoiler passed on, like a demon of wrath,
And Massacre yelled in his havoc-strown path !

On the still air of midnight, a terrible cry,
Like the trumpet of Doom, called the sleepers—*to die!*

They woke—but the prayer of their anguish was vain,
For the sabre is red with the blood of the slain !

When the Morning looked out from the East with its sun,
The work of destruction and vengeance was done—
The smoke, like a pall, wrapt the desolate scene,
And Ruin scowled darkly where Beauty had been !

What marvel ? Yet weep for the tree and the flower
Swept down to the dust in a terrible hour !

For the strength which hath passed from the place where
it stood !

For the light which was quenched in a tempest of blood !

Oh, this was the work of revenge and despair,
When the fetter and yoke were too galling to bear—
For the iron had entered the fugitive's soul,
Till he spurned in his hatred the tyrant's control.

From his wife and his child they had torn him apart,
Unheeding the anguish which gnawed at his heart—
And he knew that the daughter he idolized must
Be doomed to a life of pollution and lust.

Then the demon awoke—and he vowed in his wrath
That the blood of the despot should crimson his path ;

That Ruin should howl o'er their desolate hearth,
Who had scoffed at his wo in the madness of mirth.

And dark was the hatred he nursed in his breast,
Till the thirst for revenge robbed his spirit of rest—
Then he swept o'er their home like a whirlwind of fire,
And Destruction trod close in the path of his ire!

Flow darkly, St. Illa ! for mixed with thy flood,
There are tears in the track of the Shedder of Blood !
And thy waves have a tone like a funeral wail,
As they give their low voice to the answering gale !

From his death-work the Slayer in triumph hath gone—
Weep, Land of the South ! for his deed is thine own—
Ay, weep ! till thine eye-balls in agony swim,
For the cup of thy trembling is filled to the brim !

LINES.

THEY laid him in the Earth—a child
 Of summers four—and o'er his grave
A single mourner bent. A wild,
Soft strain of music stole along
So sadly sweet, it seemed the song
 Of Peri from her cave—
A requiem—in sorrow sung
By the meek voices of the young—
For budding beauty, ere its bloom
Laid darkly in the gelid tomb !

The mother wept. Her shining tears
 Plashed lightly on the coffin's lid:
Her thoughts went back to other years,
Wher, tinted by the touch of hope,
And viewed through Fancy's telescope,—
Life's coming sorrows hid—

The Present seemed a radiant spot
By Sin and Sorrow darkened not:
The Future, brighter in its bliss,
An everlasting Oasis !

She mused upon the time, when he,
 The father of her fair-haired boy,
Knelt in his heart's idolatry
And craved her love, already given,
And called her eye his spirit's heaven,
 Her smile his perfect joy—
In youthful trust she yielded all,
And freely at Affection's call
Left brother, sister, parents, home,
Pilgrim for Love!—o'er earth to roam!

Her tears were dried—but quivering lip,
 And cheek blanched deathly white, revealed
Her spirit's awful fellowship
With Wo, and Anguish, and Despair,
Consuming and relentless Care—
 And wounds which time had healed
Were fresh again, as Memory brought
That mournful moment to her thought,
When, all bereft, she bowed her head
In anguish o'er the worshipped dead !

Months passed away—a child was given—
The offspring of a buried sire—
Oh, precious gift!—in thanks to Heaven
Her heart went up—one ray had come
To light again her darkened home
Ere Hope should quite expire!
Her widowed spirit's worshipped one
Was imaged in her darling son,
And prayed she then for power to save
That loved and only from the grave!

That prayer was vain! The briery sod
Is broken in a stranger-land—
The childless widow looks to God,
And bendeth meekly 'neath the blow
Which lays her hopes for ever low—
It is her Father's hand! . . .
And did that heart so sorely tried
Break in its loneliness and pride?
No—for a balm was o'er it poured,
The loving-kindness of the Lord!

THE FEVER STRICKEN.

Oh, pleasant is the yellow light
That dances on the pictured wall—
But to my aching vision,—night
Seems brooding darkly over all.

The wind—it hath a soothing sound—
I hear it whispering to the trees—
Yet wo is me! a prisoner bound
And racked by pitiless Disease.

Burns in my veins, with heat intense,
From hour to hour, the fever-fire—
Till quivering flesh and tortured sense
Grow weary with the conflict dire.

Around my bed at midnight dance
Fantastic shapes and phantoms grim—
Now shrieking—singing now, perchance,
Wild snatches of a wilder hymn!

They pass—and fiends, with fiery eyes,
Scowl fiercely through the dark—and sobs,
With mingled laughter, sink and rise,
Responsive to my heart's wild throbs.

Then sweetly to my ear doth come
Some faint, yet dear familiar tone—
An echo of my childhood's home—
Fraught with a music all its own.

A happy child once more I stand
O'ershadowed by my favorite tree—
With brow and bosom bared, and fanned
By freshening breezes from the sea.

Brief joy!—the ground on which I tread
Glows, furnace-like, beneath my feet;
And clouds and sky above my head
Seem molten with intenser heat.

Choked by the hot and sulphury air,
I gasp convulsively for breath,
While demons prompt the impious prayer,
In anguish breathed, for instant death!

Tortured by dreams, of fever born,
Amid bewildering visions lost,
From morn to night, from night to morn,
Upon my couch, delirious, tost—

How long, I cry, oh Lord, how long?
I hasten downward to the grave—
Life ebbs in darkness—Death is strong—
And skill is impotent to save!

Oh wo! by hope no more beguiled,
To struggle with my wretchedness!
Too heavy on thy suffering child,
Great God! thy chastening hand doth press!

Yet kind and merciful art Thou,
Though clouds and darkness veil Thy throne—
To thy behest I meekly bow,
And murmur, let Thy will be done!

HOW SELFISH ARE OUR TEARS.

How selfish are our tears !

Mine would not be repressed when first I learned
Thy radiant soul had to its home returned,
Earth's pain, and toil, and fear
Behind thee cast, as from its cumbrous clay
The spirit leaped exultingly away !

Was it for thee, sweet friend,
Sinless and sainted ! that my cheeks were wet,
And my days darkened with a vain regret,
A sorrow without end ?
No—for I knew that thou hadst found thy rest
Where gleam the “many mansions” of the blest !

Yet from my spirit passed
Gladness when thou wert gone—and hope was dead—
From the green earth, with thee, had beauty fled—
The sky was overcast
With clouds whose mutterings were alone of wrath,
And the sick sun shone dimly o'er my path.

Wo! for the heart which lays
Its all of love upon an earthly shrine!
Its altar shall be shattered, as was mine,

And the bright hope which plays
Around the ruins fade in cold despair,
Leaving a double desolation there!

Too well I loved thee!—ay,
Call it idolatry—the deep, the intense,
O'ermastering passion!—but thou hast gone hence,
Up to thy home on high!
Oh, selfish sorrow!—for my tears are shed
Not for *thy* sake, beloved! Thou art not dead!

Thou art not dead! The light
Which shone around thee ere thy work was done,
The grave quenched not: in realms beyond the sun
It beams with lustre bright,
Caught from the “Great White Throne,” whose steps
before,
Anthems of praise resound for evermore!

The bitterness and gloom
Of sorrow unassuaged, the gnawing care,
And the heart's desolation none can share:
These enter not the tomb!

The dead sleep sweetly in their narrow bed,—
Why should the tear above their dust be shed ?

Canst thou not hear me?—thou,
Whose ear caught greedily my faintest tone,
And beat thy heart responsive to my own?

I kneel and lift my brow
To the faint star-light, and with fervent prayer
Whisper thy name to the caressing air!

In vain—I list in vain
For the low answer which was wont to thrill
My heart like life!—that tone of love is still,
Never to wake again!
Yet from thy starry mansion, it may be,
Thine eye still lingers lovingly on me!

Then will I gird my soul
With calm endurance, and await the time
When I may meet thee in a happier clime,
Where grief hath no control!
Not vainly are these passionate yearnings given,
So that they lead us to Love's brighter heaven!

“THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.”

PSALM XXIV.

LORD! the earth is thine,
And the fulness of the sea—
Heaps of gold, and gems that shine,
Flashing through the flashing brine,
All belong to Thee!
Underneath the yeasty waves,
Where the great sea-monsters roam,
Thou hast hollowed wond'rous caves
For their ocean home.
Where the huge Leviathan
Revels in his kingly might
Over beds of chrysolite,
Thou hast builded temples fairer—
Thou hast fashioned grottos rarer
Than the proudest works of man.
There uncounted treasures lie
Hidden deep from human eye;

Lustrous gems, whose radiant gleams
Sparkle aye in starry beams.
All the wonders of the sea,
All the gems that flash and shine
Underneath the ocean-brine,
God ! belong to Thee !

Lord ! the earth is thine,
And the fulness of the earth !
Thou, in sovereignty of will,
From thine everlasting hill,
Called the light—the voice DIVINE
O'er the formless void went forth,
And the darkness fled !
From the mass chaotic hurled
Rose to life this wond'rous world—
Suns and stars with constant force
And undeviating course
In their orbits sped.
Tree, and plant, and opening flower,
In their virgin beauty drest,
Heard the mandate, and Thy power
Instantly confessed.
All by Thee were called to birth,
Sole PROPRIETOR of Earth.

Thine is every living thing—
From the sluggish worm that crawls
O'er the dungeon's slimy walls,
To the forest's tameless king—
And the bird, whose rapid wing
Flashes in the glad sunshine,
As it soars aloft, to fling
Out upon the gales of spring
Gifts of song that seem divine—
Insect, beast, and bird are thine !
Formed by Thy creating hand,
Heedful all to thy command.

Hills arrayed in living green,
Where the sunshine loves to linger,
And the wind with wizard finger,
Trifles with the springing grass—
Waters singing as they pass,
(Pauses none to intervene,)
With a low and pleasant tune,
All the leafy time of June—
Valleys with the sunshine dancing
On their verdant slopes, and glancing
Downward to their deepest beds—
Forests, regally uplifting
To the clouds their crowned heads—

And the undulating plain
Swaying with the swaying grain—
These are Thine—and Thine the sky,
With its gorgeous pageantry,
 And its shadows ever shifting.
Wait they all upon thy word,
Nature's Universal Lord !

Then to Thee, of life the Giver,
Praises be ascribed for ever !
Thine be thanks and adoration,
Thine be songs of exultation :
 Thanks and songs for ever given—
Every voice in concert sounding,
Every heart with rapture bounding,
All harmonious anthems blending,
Louder swelling as ascending—
 Tribute of the earth to Heaven !

THANATYMNOS.

"Mournfully, sing mournfully !
The royal rose is gone,
Melt from the woods, my spirit, melt
In one deep farewell tone !

Not so!—swell forth triumphantly,
The full, rich, fervent strain !
Hence with young love and life I go,
In the Summer's joyous train."

Mrs. Hemans.

ONCE more in THY pure air,
With my pale forehead lifted to the sky,—
Wooing the winds which coolingly sweep by,
And on their pinions bear
The mournful music of the dying year—
Treading the herbage sere,
I walk abroad with feeble steps and slow,
And strive to leave behind my weariness and wo.
Thanks to Thy name, oh God !
That thou hast raised me from my couch of pain,
And led me forth again
To thrid the intricate paths which once I trod

With buoyant foot ere sickness laid
Its burning hand upon my throbbing brain,
And poured its fever-fire through every vein,
Until my days were made
Eras of agony. With exultation
Thrilling through heart and brain, I gaze around,
And my soul leaps, as from the flesh unbound,
Amid the wonders of this fair creation !
This is to live !—and yet I know I stand
Within thy shadow, Death !
Just on the borders of the Spirit-land—
And, ere the solemn Autumn vanisheth,
I shall lie down in darkness, where the light
Of sun or star comes not, nor breeze, nor bird,
Nor the low sound of running brooks is heard,
Nor forms of beauty flit before my sight.
Faintly upon mine ear
Comes a soft tone, as from another sphere,
Earnest, though low—I know that voice of doom—
It calls me from the scenes I love too well,
And soon, alas ! must dwell
This shattered body in the noisome tomb !

Pour forth thy ceaseless song,
Fountain of leaping waters ! pour it forth !

The music of the melancholy Earth
Will cease to me ere long;
Its wildering harmonies will all be hushed
For ever to my ear—the many tones
Which have in gladness on my spirit gushed,
Will be forgotten in my dying moans.
A few brief days of pain, and I shall pass
Even as the sparkling dew-drop from the grass
Kissed by the sun—
Spirits have called me—I must go away—
Their voices tell me that my transient day
Is almost done;
My life ebbs feebly to its final close,
And the grave proffers its serene repose.

Would that the birds might come
To join their voices with thy mystic song,
Glad streamlet! as thou sweep'st in light along—
But they, alas! are dumb;
And never shall my raptured soul again
Thrill, like a harp-string, to their glorious voice—
Their deftly-woven strain
Shall make no more my troubled heart rejoice.
Would that the trees might put their blossoms forth
Yet once again while I remain on earth,

And scent the gales
With the sweet fragrance of their perfumed breath,
That I might drink their odor, even when Death
My frame assails !

Vain, passionate yearnings !—it can never be !

Spring may return in beauty—and the grove
Be vocal with the notes of joy and love,
But not again to me !

Flowers numberless may bloom
And pour their fragrance on the scented air—

They cannot cheer the tomb,
Nor soothe the sleeper in his slumber there !
The voice of waters, and the birds' wild hymn
Will be the buried Poet's requiem !

The fragrant breath
Of the unfolding flowers may wander o'er
My grave, but it can never gladden more
The home of Death !

Nature ! thou dear and universal Mother !

Nurse of high thoughts and holy ! I have felt
A filial love for thee, and humbly knelt
In worship at thy shrine ! Nor can I smother,
Even in the grasp of Death, the fervent feelings
Caught from long converse with thee. Sweet revealings

Of thine exhaustless treasures have been mine—
Teachings of wisdom, such as human lore
Contains not in its many-volumed store—
And I have joyed to lay upon thy shrine
My soul's affections as an offering—
Nor worthier might I bring;
For I have known thy baptism from a child,
Oh Mother undefiled!

Yet must I go from thee—
From thy still solitudes which my foot hath trod,
To the undreaming sleep beneath the sod,
Where reign the silence and the mystery
Of Death, the Conqueror! If my spirit shrink,
And tremble on the brink
Of that unfathomed Gulf which yawns before
My feet still clinging to Life's crumbling shore,
It is not that I dread the pang intense
Of dissolution. This must needs be brief,
And the fast-failing sense
Will bring the quivering flesh its quick relief.
Nay—'tis the thought that I must part so young
From the bright scenes which I have roved among
With spirits dear,
Breaking the thousand tender ties which twine

Themselves around this yearning heart of mine
To bind it here!

I had not dreamed of this! Hopes—aspirations—

Intense desires, enkindled on thy shrine,
Ambition! had been mine—

And how my soul hath thrilled with exultations
When came the thought of immortality!

Yet, with the glorious heritage unwon,
Ungrasped thy guerdon, Fame!

Vanished my dreams, and crushed my hopes, my name
Unhonored and unknown—

So must the Poet 'mid his visions die,
And pass away

From the bright things which now his spirit bless,
To the cold chambers of Forgetfulness
And dread Decay!

Tears will be shed and prayers be murmured only
By the fond few whose hearts are linked with mine—
For, with the great world round me, hushed and lonely
My life hath lapsed to its abrupt decline.
Still to the many, when my days are ended,
And this frail form with kindred dust is blended,
Earth will be bright as ever! Why should they

Weep for the lone Recluse, whose silent hours
Passed like a dream away?

Yet will one hand its tribute bring of flowers;
Daisies and violets, the first-born of Spring,
To scatter o'er my grave—Affection's offering!

One of the world's great crowd,
Whose lips have never breathed my name aloud,
Will keep my memory green for evermore
Within her heart—a treasure shrined and cherished,
Till the faint throbings of that heart are over,
And darkly shall have perished
All that the earth hath known of loved or lover,
Leaving no trace on Time's dim, crumbling shore.

Thus fades my brightest dream—thus darkly pass
The fairest visions which were wont to play
Like sunlight 'mid the shadows of my way!
I wake to know that I am dust—alas!
Too near allied to earth!—No Child of Song
Over my grave will pour funereal hymn,
Or chant in solemn strain my requiem—
And the weird winds that wildly sweep along,
Will never bear my name
As one that dwells upon the human lip,
Though once I thought to hold sweet fellowship
Among the proudest of the sons of Fame!

Hopes—Dreams—Desires—of wild ambition born,
Whose dazzling light athwart my early morn
Streamed radiantly, and on my spirit fell
Like a fire-baptism—ye who long have shone
To blind, to wilder, as ye led me on—
Your lights have sunk in darkness—so, farewell!

But ye—divinest spirits! Faith and Love!
Sought long, and found at length—ye Cherubim!
Hushing the heart's wild tumults with a hymn
Such as the angels sing in Heaven above—
We part not here!—for oh! have ye not told
Of the Bright City with its gleaming towers,
Its pearly gates, and amaranthine bowers,
And streets all paven with translucent gold?
Where shines nor sun, nor moon, nor twinkling star,—
But radiance brighter far,
Streaming from God, whose glory is its light,
Bars the approach of Night!

Thy radiant finger, Love!
Beck'ning thy votary from the troubled streams
Of earthly joy and sorrow, points above,
Where in unclouded splendor beams
The Sun of Righteousness!—and thou, oh Faith!
Hast promised me the victory over Death!

And henceforth shall ye be,
In life, in death, in immortality,
Companions of my devious way,
My guides from darkness to the full-orbed day—
Leading me on through all the gloom of this,
To an unshadowed world of life and light and bliss !

Then, Harp ! one more, one proud, exulting strain,
Thy last and highest, poured in joy to Him
Who led thee gently through the pathways dim
Of pride—ambition—reason—not in vain
Trod, since they brought me to a brighter way,
And purer light, and everlasting day !
To Thee, oh God ! who gave the power of song,
And filled my spirit with imaginings
Of beauty, glory, from divinest things
Transfused into my soul—to Thee belong
My Harp's expiring notes, triumphantly
Poured in thanksgiving, reverence, joy and praise—
And though the offering all unworthy be,
Accept, oh PARACLETE ! the hymn I raise !

Thanks—that Thy light, though late,
Showered from on high, the clouds did dissipate
Which hung around me like a gloomy pall
Whose heavy shades threw blackness over all !

Thanks—that my spiritual eye hath been unsealed
And taught with strengthened vision to behold
Something of that high majesty which, of old,
Thou to Thy prophets and Thy saints revealed!

Glimpses of things divine
Have been vouchsafed me in my life's decline—
And that pervading peace, whose still repose
Passeth all understanding! Thanks and praise
That Thou with choicest gifts hast crowned my days,
As they lapse gently to their final close!

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(A FRAGMENT.)

HERBERT. AGATHA.

Agatha.—Nay, be thou not thus moved. I am not wont
To read disquiet in thy gentle eye,
Nor see thy brow thus clouded. Time will bring
Balm for this wound, and all. Have we not left
Manifold blessings yet?—life—health—our babe—
And, more than all, the love which maketh life
An Eden full of untold bliss, and paints
A rainbow on the cloud which even now
Casts o'er our path a shadow? Oh, beloved!
Having but thee, and living in the light
Of thy clear eye, and feeling that thy love
Like a sustaining spirit dwells with me;
And Earth—ay, even its darkest, dreariest spot—
Is full of beauty, and the woes which prey

On hearts less fraught with the prevailing power
Bestowed by Love, sit lighter upon mine
Than starlight shadows on the dreaming flowers.
Cheer thee, my Herbert! Let thy forehead wear
Still its serene expression, and thine eye,
Filled with the deep soft light of other days,
Beam on me still in tenderness, and Fate
Can throw no shadow o'er us. Even the clouds
Will glow with brightness, and the darkness wear
A radiant look for us.

Herbert.

Sweet prophetess!

Life is to thee all sunshine, and thy heart
Yet knoweth nought of agony. Oh God!
But for the fate which linked thy life with mine,
And thy young soul with gladness still had held
Blessed companionship! But now the hand
Which should have led thee unto deeper springs
Of human bliss, and sheltered thee from ill,
Must hold the poisoned chalice to thy lips,
Till thy faint spirit staggers, drunk with wo!
Why did we meet? A curse be on the day!

Agatha.—Oh Herbert, curse it not! Did not the
heavens

Smile on us when we stood with clasped hands
Beneath the holy starlight, with our eyes
Uplifted meekly to the firmament,
And our lips quivering with a voiceless prayer?
Then fell a blessing like the balmy dew
Upon our asking spirits, till they thrilled
With its pervading presence! Love and awe
Were mingled in our souls, as there we knelt
And pledged our earnest faith, while the calm sky
Looked down upon us with its myriad eyes.
Curse not that hour, my Herbert! Oh how fraught
With deepest blessings to our trusting hearts!
And not a shadow o'er the sky of love
Hath come since then. Then bear thou nobly up,
Oh, best beloved! and this dark cloud shall be
Soon overpast.

Herbert. And is it then a thing
Too light to move the soul of Agatha,
That Treachery, wearing the familiar robe
Of Friendship, that our hearts should bid him come,
Steals to our hearth and robs it of the joy
Which lived in our abundance?—is it nought
That we are stripped of all, and from our home—
The sanctuary of our wedded love—

Driven out friendless?—that our sinless babe
Is made an heir to beggary and want?
And, as the Fiend of Evil asked for more,
Dishonor, deep and damning, o'er my name
Dashed like a crimson stain?

Agatha.

Believe it not!

Malice itself shall never dare to breathe
Of shame to my own Herbert. We are poor,
But not dishonored—not a stain is thrown
O'er thy fair name. Unsullied, it shall be
Better to thee than wealth.

Herbert.

My Agatha!

God shield thee from the storm, for it *must* come!
Thou knowest not how changed the world will be,
When of our poverty the tale is told—
How coldly those who at our board have sat
Will look upon us. The averted eye—
The curl'd lip of derision—the cold sneer—
The heartless laugh—the mean suspicion, shown
In shrug or start—all these thou yet must know;
And these are but the preface of the stern
And bitter lesson Poverty will teach.

Agatha.—Doubter! thou knowest not the power of
Love,

The fervor of its faith, if thou canst deem
Such things can e'er appal it. It hath met
Hatred, and scorn, and shame, and agony,
Nor quailed at the companionship, nor shrunk
From the fierce trial of its inborn power
To dare or suffer.

Herbert. Not for thee, dear one,
Was suffering made. I know thy love is strong,
And quenchless as thy soul. But the rude wind
Hath never swept thy spirit till its chords
Wailed like a broken harp-string—nor hath Wo
Laid his hot hand upon thy throbbing brain,
Till Madness murdered Reason, and Despair
Sat on the grave of Hope. The agony
Which gnaws the heart like fire, thou hast not known,
And canst not know and live. Thy *power* to bear—
Not the frail spirit's *willingness*—I doubt.

Agatha.—Faithless and slow of heart! doubt not the
power
Given by Love and Faith to Woman's heart.
Hath it not conquered agony and shame,

And nerved the weak to venture unappalled
Into the presence of consuming Power ?
To stand unmoved and wipe from pallid brows
The death-damps, anguish-gathered ?—to sustain
With words of high endurance and calm faith
The strong of heart, when fainting ?—and to lure
Back from Despair the mighty, when their power
Is torn away, and Scorn hath set his heel
Upon the fallen ? What Woman's love hath dared,
Thine Agatha's will dare—what she hath borne,
I, weak and frail, can bear.

Nay, look not thus !

But for this gloom of thine, my soul should rise
In thanks to God, that he hath brought a shade
Over our paths. *Now* thou shalt know how well
I love thee, Herbert. While our way was strown
With roses, giving fragrance to our tread,
And the glad sunlight of continual joy
Was in our eyes, and blessings were rained down
Upon our heads profusely, what could try
The faith of a young, trusting, loving heart ?
Now that our road is thorny—the glad sun
Hideth his light awhile—and we must feel
The Chastener's hand upon us—thou shalt know
The priceless treasure of a woman's love,

Till in the fulness of thy noble heart
Thou shalt bless God for this thy suffering,
That it hath taught thee what a wife may dare
For him her heart adores.

*Herbert.**I will not throw*

A chill, dear Agatha, upon thy breast,
Nor check thy sweet enthusiasm. 'The light
Of thy faith-strengthened spirit may grow dim,
But cannot wholly die. Its fires are fed
From heaven's eternal altars, and thy God
Shall give thee strength proportioned to thy need.
Go—thou hast given me a sustaining power
For future hours of trial. If *thy* soul
Be thus upheld, mine shall not feebly shrink
Before the gathering tempest.

*Agatha.**Now I know*

Thou art my own proud Herbert—for I see
Thy strong soul beaming from thy glorious eye,
And the firm lip curled slightly with resolve.
The gloom hath left thy brow—nor shade is there,
Save of thy dark, damp locks. Thou lookest now
As when with playful fingers I would part
The soft hair on thy forehead, and with joy

Too deep for words, gaze long and earnestly
Upon its broad white surface, till I deemed
I read it as a book, and my fond lips
Drew near it tenderly—as now—until
Their fervor melted—thus—into a kiss !

Herbert.—God shelter thee, my lamb ! Adversity
Draweth thy soul more closely into mine.
Not now I speak my thanks—yet thou shalt know—
The Future shall reveal it, Agatha—
Thou hast not poured the treasure of thy love
Upon a worthless shrine !

MORNING HYMN.

PSALTERY and harp, awake! awake!
Him will we praise, with cheerful voice,
Whose constant power and goodness make
The outgoings of the Morn rejoice!

Sing to the Lord!—the shades of night
At his command have passed away,
And early Morning's doubtful light
Hath brightened to the full-orbed day !

Watched by that Eye which never sleeps,
Safe, and in confidence, we slept—
Who suns and stars in motion keeps,
His servants faithfully hath kept.

No earthquake shock—no hungry flame—
No tempest, with destroying breath,
At midnight to our dwelling came,
To make our sleep the sleep of death.

With life preserved, with strength renewed,
Help us Thy purpose to fulfil,
And manifest our gratitude
By meek submission to Thy will !

Oh, keep us, Father ! through the day—
Sustain, uphold, instruct, and guide—
Nor suffer us from Wisdom's way
To turn to paths of sin aside.

So, when our pilgrimage is trod,
And from our eyes earth's shadows gone,
Hidden our life with Christ in God,
We shall awake to Heaven's bright morn !

EVENING HYMN.

THROUGH the changes of the day
Kept by Thy sustaining power,
Offerings of thanks we pay,
Father! in this evening hour;
Praises to Thy name belong,
Source and Giver of our good!
And though feeble is our song,
It shall speak our gratitude.

From the dangers which have frowned—
From the snares in secret set—
We have, through Thy mercy, found
Safety and deliverance yet!
And Thy loving-kindness hath
All the day to us been shown,
While profusely on our path
Richest blessings have been strown!

SPIRIT ! who hast been our light,
And the Guardian of our way,—
Let Thy mercy and Thy might
Keep us for another day !
O'er our sleep, with sleepless eye,
Watch, and sweet shall be our rest ;
And, when Morning gilds the sky,
Our awaking shall be blest !

Like the breath which stains the glass
For a moment, and is gone,
Thus, oh God ! our life doth pass,
While the night of Death comes on—
Let us, then, in wisdom spend
All the moments as they flee,
So when life and labor end,
We may fall asleep in Thee !

PSALM XLIII.

JUDGE me, oh God ! and plead my cause
Against the men who break thy laws ;
From the deceitful and unjust,
Oh save me, Thou in whom I trust !

For thou art of my strength the God—
Why do I feel Thy chastening rod ?
Why doth my soul in mourning go,
For the oppression of the foe ?

Oh send Thy light and truth abroad
To guide me in the way to God—
To lead me to Thy holy hill,
Where stand Thy tabernacles still.

Then to thine altar, LORD ! to Thee
The gladness of my joy, I'll flee ;
And anthems of thanksgiving raise,
And sound, with harp and voice, Thy praise !

Why art thou sorrowful, my soul?
Thy thoughts like heaving billows roll,
When storms are on the sea abroad—
Why art thou troubled? Hope in God!

For I shall praise Him with my breath,
Who saves me from devouring death;
And in the congregation tell
His goodness to His Israel!

THE AVENGER OF THE SLAVE.

"For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him."—*Psalm xii. 5.*

WHAT though the oppressor's arm is strong,
And seems his tyrant-grasp secure?
He to whom vengeance doth belong,
Will vindicate His poor!
Not vainly shall the needy sigh
Amid his anguish and despair—
A God of justice reigns on high—
The answerer of prayer!

Long hath the bondman, at his toil,
Bent, shrieking 'neath the bloody thong;
Long hath the helpless been the spoil
Of avarice and wrong—
The needy hath gone down to death,
Unpitied, and his wrongs forgot,
Till in his heart the tyrant saith,
"The Lord regards it not!"

Vain hope! for hath not ISRAEL'S GOD
 Been from of old consuming fire,
Who in his wrath the people trod,
 And trampled them in ire?
And will not he, beneath whose frown
 The pride of Egypt turned to dust,
Smite with his bolts the oppressor down?
 A retribution just!

Tremble! ye despots of our land!
 For the oppression of the poor,
In judgment God shall lift his hand
 And burst their prison-door!
For He hath heard the captive's sighs,
 He sees the tears ye cause to flow,
And, girt with vengeance, will arise—
 Wo, to the tyrant!—wo!

PSALM XXIII.

Thou art my Shepherd, gracious Lord !
By Thee are all my wants supplied—
And while I feed upon Thy word,
I own Thee Guardian and Guide !

Amid a green and goodly land,
Beside the lapse of quiet streams,
Thou leadest me with loving hand,
Where every tree with fruitage teems.

From sin, and shame, and sore distress
My wandering soul dost Thou reclaim ;
And in the paths of righteousness
Dost lead it for Thy glorious name.

Yea, though involved in deepening gloom,
I tread the shadowy vale of death,
No evil shall anigh me come,
Supported by thy staff beneath.

Thy bounty doth a table spread
Before me in the midst of foes;
With oil dost Thou anoint my head—
My cup with gladness overflows.

Goodness and mercy from the Lord,
Shall crown my life through all my days;
And in Thy house will I record,
Oh God! thine everlasting praise!

A DESCRIPTION.

HER step is like a queen's—majestic—slow—
And full of conscious dignity—not pride;
But such a dignity as one who long
Hath held communion with the majesty
Of Nature in her every mood, and learned
Lofty and godlike principles, must feel—
A consciousness of wearing on the soul
The seal of immortality! Her brow,
Placid and smooth as polished ivory,
Seems the high home of calm and earnest thought;
And the dark luxury of glossy hair,
Wreathed carelessly above it, casts a shade,
Softer than that of sorrow, yet half sad,
Upon its stainless beauty, rendering
The whole expression of her features calm
And meek as chastened loveliness itself.

BEGGARS.

"For the poor shall never cease out of the land."—*Deut. xv. 11.*

SEE! by that crazy hut they stand,
Poor outcasts—children of Distress,
Haply of Crime—a mournful band,
Involved in want and wretchedness!

The tattered garment, patched and pinned—
Quaint robe—it warms not, nor conceals;
Tossing their rags, the wanton wind
Their bony nakedness reveals.

They shrink before the biting blast,
They shiver in the frosty air,
And ever and anon they cast
To Heaven a look of dumb despair.

And Heaven that look may heed—but see!
The rich man in his chariot rolls
Pompously by, nor heedeth he
The anguish of those stricken souls.

Covered with fur from head to heel,
What cares he that the air is frorne?
Alack! the proud are slow to feel
For outcasts, wretched and forlorn!

They pass the shivering wretches by,
They thrust the needy from their door,
And look on Want with pitiless eye:
Oh God! have mercy on the Poor!

They are our brothers—though forlorn
And houseless through the world they go;
Our brothers—though the lip of Scorn
With heartless jeer derides their wo.

Our brothers—though by men abhorred—
God's ministers in mean disguise,
They bring a message from the Lord,
Not vainly to the good and wise.

Despise them not! As ye regard
The least who doth for kindness call,
So shall the MERCIFUL reward
With good or ill, who judgeth all.

Oh, never from amidst the land
Shall cease these children of Distress !
Then let us bring, with liberal hand
Succor to all their wretchedness.

Subdue our selfishness and pride,
And make our hearts, oh Christ ! like thine,
By deeds of mercy sanctified,
And stirred by impulses divine !

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

"The prison unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground:
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found."

Wordsworth.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

I.

SOLITUDE.

THE ceaseless hum of men—the dusty streets,
Crowded with multitudinous life—the din
Of toil and traffic—and the wo and sin,
The dweller in the populous city meets—
These have I left to seek the cool retreats
Of the untrodden forest, where, in bowers
Builded by Nature's hand, inlaid with flowers,
And roofed with ivy, on the mossy seats
Reclining, I can while away the hours
In sweetest converse with old books, or give
My thoughts to God—or fancies fugitive
Indulge, while over me their radiant showers
Of rarest blossoms the old trees shake down,
And thanks to HIM my meditations crown!

II.

A SIMILE.

His frail bark on a stormy ocean toss'd,
Amid the wilderness of waves benighted,
And with the howl of the mad surge affrighted,
His rudder broken and his compass lost,
While hard at hand the perilous coast uplifts
Its frowning front, how turns the sailor's eye,
Star of the North! to thee—as through the rifts
Of the torn clouds thou tremblest in the sky—
A hope, a promise, of deliverance nigh!
So torn by fears and tossed on Doubt's dark sea,
Perplexed, distressed, despairing, doomed to die,
Dawned on my aching vision, radiantly,
The star of Bethlehem!—and fear, doubt, despair,
Fled from my soul as beamed that brightness there!

III.

CONSOLATION.

LIFE hath its trials—yet methinks 'twere well
To pass unmurmuring through its thorny maze,
And lift the trembling soul in frequent praise
For streams of mercy which for ever swell
And freely flow for us. We do not dwell
In shadows which the eye can never pierce;

The foes around us, subtle, quick, and fierce,
Are not omnipotent—and we may quell
Their numberless legions in the strength of HIM
Who veils his glory from the seraphim!
This is our field of warfare—yet even here
There are some spots of verdure, shadowing forth
Faintly, the glories which are not of earth—
Then let us murmur not, nor faint, nor fear.

IV.

FAITH.

THE spirit of prayer, oh God! thy spirit is,
Burning upon the altar of the heart,
And struggling upward to THY throne, who art
Sole Arbiter of human destinies.
Not vainly, therefore, shall the cry arise
From supplicating souls who look to thee,
In the strong confidence of Faith, to be
Sustained by Heaven when earthly comfort dies,
And the heart fails through weakness. As our day,
So shall our strength be;—therefore let us bind
This promise to our heart, and on our way
Press cheerfully, and with a steadfast mind;
Joying to tread the path which thou hast trod,
And of thy cup to drink, oh blessed SON OF GOD!

V.

MORAL REFORMERS.

IF to the heroes of the olden time
Who fought and suffered, LIBERTY ! for thee,
Daring to die to make a People free,
Honors belong, and triumph-hymns sublime,
Making their names the watchword of a Clime,—
What meed of purest glory shall be given
To him who stands, sustained alone by Heaven,
Battling with single arm a Nation's crime ?
Unmoved, unswerving, in the thickest fight,
Though scoffs, and jeers, and curses from the vile,
And hate, be poured upon his head the while,
The fearless champion of the TRUE and RIGHT ?
What meed for him ? Profane not with your lays
His name—for Earth no language hath to speak his
praise !

VI.

THE DEAD CHILD.

ONE tiny hand amid his curls is lying
Over the blue-veined temple—and his face,
Pale as the water-lily, shows no trace
Of passion or of tears. The pang of dying

Left not its record on the beautiful clay,
And—but the flush of life is stolen away—
Well might we deem he slept. His ruby lip
Weareth its freshness yet—and see! a smile
Lingers around his mouth, as all the while
The spirit with the clay held fellowship!
And this is Death!—his terrors laid aside,
How like a guardian-angel doth he come
To bear the sinless spirit to its home—
The sheltering bosom of the CRUCIFIED!

VII.

THE CAPTIVITY.

PSALM CXXXVII.

BURDENED with grief and sick with vain desires
And passionate longings, silently we wept
Beside the streams of Babylon, and kept
Our thoughts on thee, oh Zion! Our hushed lyres
Hung, stringless, on the willows, "Sing," cried they
Who spoiled our homes and made of us a prey,
"Sing us a song of Zion!" Vain demand!
Wasted and worn, our temple-courts profaned—
Our harps are mute—our cheeks with weeping stained—
How can we sing amid the stranger's land?
If thee, Jerusalem! my soul forget
Amid the toil of bondage and its pain,
Let my right hand no more its skill retain,
And silence on my tongue its signet set!

VIII.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IF, maddened by oppression, men have torn
Their shackles off, and in an evil time
Spurned all restraint, and steeped their souls in crime,
Trampling laws, customs, creeds, in utter scorn,
Giving the rein to license, and through blood
Wading in quest of unsubstantial good,
Till Earth the frenzy of her sons doth mourn—
Reproach not LIBERTY ! The winds long pent,
The volcano's fires repressed, in finding vent
Sweep on in desolation ! So are born
All monstrous crimes of Tyranny—rapine, lust,
Murder, convulsion—then on her alone
Vengeance be heaped ! and Earth and Heaven will own
The terrible retribution wise and just !

IX.

INFLUENCE OF SPRING.

WHAT time hoar Winter with his icy breath
Flees from the presence of the coming Spring,
And the flowers waken from their gelid death
To breathe their odors on the zephyr's wing,
While shrilly through the budding forests ring
Notes from a thousand singing-birds, 'tis joy

To leave the strifes and tumults which annoy
The worn heart in the haunts of men, and fling
Care, like a garment, from us—that a sense
Of Nature's harmony may pervade the soul,
And winning with its witching eloquence,
Subject the passions to her mild control.
So shall a peace resembling that of heaven,
To the tired heart that prays for rest, be given !

X.

RAIN.

DASHING in big drops on the narrow pane,
And making mournful music for the mind,
While plays his interlude the wizard Wind,
I hear the ringing of the frequent rain :
How doth its dreamy tone the spirit lull,
Bringing a sweet forgetfulness of pain,
While busy Thought calls up the Past again,
And lingers 'mid the pure and beautiful
Visions of early Childhood ! Sunny faces
Meet us with looks of love—and in the moans
Of the faint wind we hear familiar tones—
And tread again in old familiar places !
Such is thy power, oh Rain ! the heart to bless,
Wiling the soul away from its own wretchedness !

XI.

A LAMENT.

My feelings have outgrown my years! and now,
Ere Time hath strown his silver in my hair,
Or marked my forehead with the lines of care,
With a clear eye and yet unshadowed brow,
I walk abroad amid the haunts of men,
Or through the pathless forests, where, alone,
In wildest beauty, Nature, on her throne,
Sits undisturbed—nor hill, wood, river, glen,
Ocean, nor sky, can rapturous joy impart
Such as in childhood lived within my heart.
My heart is old—the quick sense of delight,
The glow, the freshness of its earlier time
Are swept away, and ere my manhood's prime,
Age hath come down upon my soul like Night!

XII.

ABSENCE.

ABSENCE, they tell me, is the grave of Love!
Can it be so, young bride? To selfish souls,
Or such as sordid Avarice controls,
It may, perhaps, be true. Affection's dove
Makes its home only with the gentle heart;
But when it once hath nestled there, nor change,

Nor chance, nor circumstance, can e'er estrange
The bright one from its resting-place—'twill part
Only with severing life—perchance not then.

Absence from thee but purifies the flame
Within my heart—its fervor is the same,
With thee—away—in solitude—'mid men—
It burneth brightly ever! Love's pure shrine
Is in *thy heart*—its constant offering is *mine*!

XIII.

FORGIVENESS.

BETTER, in meekness and humility,
To bear the hate and spite of evil men,
When Obloquy unleashes from their den
His hungry hounds to vex and worry thee,
Than chafe thy spirit with anger—or to be
Vengeful of wrongs inflicted. Gird around
Thy soul Religion's meek philosophy,
And with *forgiveness* heal the slanderer's wound!
So shalt thou heap upon thine adversary
Live coals of fire—the kindlings of strong Love—
Causing contrition in his breast to move—
While thine own heart shall be a sanctuary
For holy thoughts and aspirations high,
And pure affections which can never die!

XIV.

WINDS.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."

WINDS! winged ministers of the MIGHTY GOD!

Potent to do His will—chainless and free,
Sweeping in conscious pride o'er earth and sea,
Where is the hiding of your power? Abroad
Ye rush on sounding pinions, and the tall
Magnificence of temples totters down
Before your path, as stricken by the frown
Of the AVENGER! O'er the sky, a pall
Of gloomy clouds ye hang—or dash to dust
The high-piled monuments of man's vain trust,
O'erwhelming cot and palace, tent and tower.
Ye Winds! where is the hiding of your power?
"God sent us forth to work his righteous will,
And God alone can bid us, 'Peace! be still!'"

XV.

THE IDLER.

AN April day!—on the hill's southern slope,
Where the young grass, beneath the eye of Spring,
Looks greenest in its beauty, see him fling
His listless form. Now give your fancy scope,
And mark him as he looks with drowsy eye
On the white clouds that flock the hazy sky,
Feeding his soul with visions—or, perchance,
Lazily turning, he dissects the flower
Expanding by his side,—or, hour by hour,
Drinks in the wonders of some old romance.
Oh, happy Idler! who severely deems
Thy moments squandered, knows not of the stores
Of thought thy soul doth gather, as it pores
O'er Nature's volume filled with glorious themes!

XVI.

SABBATH MORNING.

THE holy radiance of a Sabbath morn,
With its first wakening beautifies the hills,
And glances downward, where the bright'ning rills
Mingle their music with the voices born
Of gladness in the Spring time—sweetest voices
From the wild birds that thrid the intricate wood,

Making it vocal with their gratitude,
While in their joy the human heart rejoices.
A day of rest!—let care be thrown aside,
And Toil suspend his weary search for gain,
That the unburdened spirit wear no chain
To check its converse with the CRUCIFIED!
A day of joy!—the SAVIOR's triumph-day,
When Death and Hell were robbed of their IMMORTAL
PREY!

XVII.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BOLD men were they, and true—that pilgrim band,
Who ploughed with venturous prow the stormy sea,
Seeking a home for hunted Liberty
Amid the ancient forests of a land
Wild, gloomy, vast, magnificently grand!
Friends—country—hallowed homes, they left, to be
Pilgrims for CHRIST's sake, to a foreign strand—
Beset by peril—worn with toil—yet *free*!
Tireless in zeal—devotion—labor—hope—
Constant in faith—in justice how severe!
Though fools deride and bigot-skeptics sneer,
Praise to their names! If called like them to cope,
In evil times, with dark and evil powers,
Oh, be *their* faith, *their* zeal, *their* courage *ours*!

XVIII.

EXPOSTULATION.

“ Like thee, oh stream ! to glide in solitude
Noiselessly on, reflecting sun or star,
Unseen by man, and from the great world’s jar
Kept evermore aloof—methinks ’twere good
To live thus lonely through the silent lapse
Of my appointed time.” Not wisely said,
Unthinking Quietist ! The brook hath sped
Its course for ages through the narrow gaps
Of rifted hills and o’er the reedy plain,
Or ’mid the eternal forests, not in vain—
The grass more greenly groweth on its brink,
And lovelier flowers and richer fruits are there,
And of its crystal waters myriads drink,
That else would faint beneath the torrid air.

XIX.

CONTINUED.

INACTION now is crime. The old Earth reels
Inebriate with guilt; and Vice, grown bold,
Laughs Innocence to scorn. The thirst for gold
Hath made men demons, till the heart that feels
The impulse of impartial love, nor kneels
In worship foul to Mammon, is contemned.

He who hath kept his purer faith, and stemmed
Corruption's tide, and from the ruffian heels
Of impious trampers rescued periled Right,
Is called fanatic, and with scoffs and jeers
Maliciously assailed. The poor man's tears
Are unregarded—the oppressor's might
Revered as law—and he whose righteous way
Departs from evil, makes himself a prey.

XX.

CONCLUDED.

WHAT then? Shall he who wars for Truth succumb
To popular Falsehood, and throw down his shield,
And drop the sword he hath been taught to wield
In Virtue's cause? Shall Righteousness be dumb,
Awe-struck before Injustice? No!—a cry,
“Ho! to the rescue!” from the hills hath rung,
And men have heard and to the combat sprung
Strong for the right, to conquer or to die!
Up, Loiterer! for on the winds are flung
The banners of the Faithful!—and erect
Beneath their folds the hosts of God's Elect
Stand in their strength. Be thou their ranks among.
Fear not, nor falter, though the strife endure,
Thy cause is sacred, and the victory sure.

XXI. SUPPLICATION.

JEHOVAH! throned in Heaven and veiled with light,
Which man's weak vision may not pierce—Most High!
Holiest and Mightiest! hear the feeble cry
Of one who would be Thine, though now the night
Of doubt and fear, in darkness wraps his soul !
Thou who hast conquered Death and robbed the Grave
Of its IMMORTAL VICTIM, hear and save
A suppliant for Thy mercy ! Oh, control
The evil passions reigning now within
A rebel spirit, goading it to sin—
If from the dust, oh God ! it may presume
To lift a prayer for guidance unto Thee,
Cleanse Thou its sins, from bondage set it free,
And all its darkness with Thy light illume !

XXII. LOVEJOY.

Oh, nobly hast thou fallen in the fight
Of holy Freedom ! and thy name shall be
Henceforth the watchword of the Good and Free,
Whose arms are nerved to battle for the RIGHT !
In the dark days before us, 'mid the night
Of a stern tyranny, we'll think of thee,

Martyr of God ! and strike for Liberty
With faith unwavering, and an arm of might !
Not unavenged, oh Brother ! shall thy blood
Sink in the ground—its voice shall upward ring,
A fearful cry to wake the slumbering,
Reaching the ear of an avenging God !
And millions, roused, shall swear upon thy grave
Death to Oppression ! Freedom to the slave !

XXIII.

THE WIFE OF LOVEJOY.

AND thou, devoted Wife ! who nobly stood
With martyr-zeal, and in the strength sublime
Of a fond Heart, withstood the men of crime
Who sought, with fiend-like rage, thy husband's blood—
Bereft of earthly hope, and in the flood
Of a dark sorrow overwhelmed, what now
For thee remains ? Submissively to bow
And own the chast'ning of a Father's rod !
God help thee, broken Heart ! Thy sacrifice
Is mighty, but it shall not be in vain—
His blood !—*thy* tears !—they shall not sink, like rain,
Unnoted to the ground. From freemen's eyes
The scales are falling—and this wo shall be
The ransom of a people ! Joy, in grief, for thee !

XXIV.

CONTINUED.

Joy ! that through this, thy fearful suffering,
Deliverance for the captive shall be wrought !
The chain is snapped that bound the indignant thought
In human breasts too long—and men will fling
Fear from their spirits as they think of thee,
And strike for Freedom till the Earth be free !
For a stern purpose thou art set apart
By this most bloody baptism ! 'Mid distress
Then bear thou up, and gird around thy heart
Strength for *his* sake who now is fatherless.
Lean upon God and linger yet awhile,
And from thy desolation thou shalt see
The dawning of the day of Jubilee,
When the freed Earth shall bask in Heaven's reviving
smile !

XXV.

THE FAREWELL.

WEEP—for a Brother fallen!—weep for him
Who first hath found a glorious martyrdom !
Weep for the broken Heart!—the desolate home,
Whose light of gladness is for ever dim !
Who of us, next, on Slavery's bloody altar
Shall meet his doom ? Thou only knowest, God !

Yet will we tread the path our Brother trod,
Trusting in Thee! Our spirits shall not falter
Amid the darkness of the coming strife,

Though drunk with agony the soul should reel!

Here, LOVEJOY! on thy bloody grave we kneel,
And pledge anew our fortune—honor—life—
All—for the slave!

Farewell!—thy rest is won!

One tear for thee!—then, strengthened, press we on!

XXVI.

SUMMER.

WREATHS on her brow, and blossoms in her hand,
Music, and sunshine, and the fragrant breath
Of the voluptuous wind from the South land
Attending, while the Spring-time vanisheth,
SUMMER comes forth! How regally she lifts
Her stately head, and like a crowned Queen
Assumes her sceptre—yet with gentlest mien
And prodigal hand she scatters choicest gifts
Over the earth, making the valleys smile
With verdure, and the hills exult the while.
The cheerful laborer, toiling all day long
Amid the golden harvest, owns her power,
And as his heart rejoices in her dower,
He blesses Summer in his frequent song.

XXVII.

NOON IN MIDSUMMER.

THE hot sun from his noon-tide altitude,
Looks on the fainting earth with burning eye,
And the still lakes reflect a brazen sky
On which no cloud its shadow dare intrude.
Droops the frail herbage in the fiery glare,
Asking in vain for moisture—and the maize
Rolls its lithe leaves together, as the blaze
Of Noon pours down, heating the sluggish air,
And hushing the tired birds among the trees.
The leaves forget their dances, for the breeze
Hath gone to sleep within the caves of Ocean,
And a most solemn stillness, which no sound
Breaks, save the voice of waters, broods around,
While Nature's heart hath almost ceased its motion.

XXVIII.

HOPE.

"The paramount *duty* that Heaven lays
For its own honor on man's suffering heart."—*Wordsworth*.

POETS have painted thee an angel fair,
Girded about with beauty, in whose sight
Darkness puts on the attributes of Light,
And Doubt half yields his sceptre. Thou dost wear,
Upon thy regal brow, a light to scare
Back to their den the demons that beset
Our hearts with dark suggestions, such as fret
The spirit to impatience—and Despair
Flies from thy radiant smile. Nor do they err
Who deem thee sent of Heaven, a minister
To the sick heart—a friend to smooth the way
Of Earth's tired pilgrims, and with words of cheer,
Teach them to look from gloom and darkness here,
To the pure light of Heaven's Eternal Day.

XXIX.

A. C. R.

THE wealth of love which dwelt within thy heart—
The generous impulses that stirred thy soul—
The lofty faith asserting its control
O'er fear and doubt—the hope which seemed a part
Of thy existence, making all things bright
That thine eye looked upon—died these with thee,
Oh, friend beloved! when darkly closed the night
Of death around thee? Sure, it cannot be!
For love like thine must live immortally
In some pure sphere where comes, nor cold, nor blight.
So art thou blest!—and we who o'er thy dust
Pour unavailing tears, weep not that thou
Dost wear Heaven's radiance on thy starry brow—
But for ourselves alone—yet God is just!

XXX.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

TWELVE moons have waxed and waned, twelve months
gone by,
Each with its pregnant history of tears
In silence shed, of hopes grown dim, and fears
Dark'ning Life's page, of grief and agony,
Since to the light first oped thine infant eye,
And broke thy feeble wailing on the air.

Time hath dealt kindly with thee, and the prayer
Of thy fond parents hath been heard on high.
Each day hath given new beauty to thy form,
 New lustre to thine eye, and to thy smile
 An added brightness—and our hearts the while
Have thrilled with new emotions, pure and warm;
And day by day we ask of God, dear child!
That He who gave may keep thee undefiled!

XXXI.

ORAT ILLA.

BEAUTIFUL creature! there is glory now
On the unshadowed whiteness of thy brow;
 And the rich sunlight lovingly doth sleep
In the bright meshes of thy golden hair.
What are the mysteries thou readest there
 With thy blue eye intently fixed on Heaven,
As if to con its pages? Say, Gildare,
 What are the glories to thy vision given?
Doth thy meek spirit need the aid of prayer,
 Its unpolluted purity to keep?
Oh, I could deem thee, as thou now art kneeling,
 With thy meek eye uplifted, more than saint—
 A seraph, all too glorious to paint,
Tranced in a sweet delirium of feeling!

XXXII.

NEVER DESPAIR.

"The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."—*Cowper*.

DESPAIR thou not. What though the hours have laid
Heavily on thy spirit, and the sun
Hath dimly looked through clouds thy path upon,
And of thy life each era hath been made
A weariness? Still let thy soul be staid,—
Though sorrow trouble, and disease alarm,
And sin perplex,—on HIM whose outstretched arm
Is mighty to deliver! He will aid
The feeblest spirit that in faith uplifts
A cry for succor. If thy heart despond,
Think of the glorious rest this life beyond,
And pray to Him who giveth perfect gifts—
So shall the shadows which now veil the sky
Disperse, and give Heaven's glories to thine eye!

XXXIII.

SICKNESS.

MIGHTY art thou, oh Sickness! and the strong
And giant-limbed bow feebly to thy sway—
Thy veriest whisper do the proud obey;
Thou passest, like a conqueror, along,
And iron nerves grow tremulous—the song
Of merriment, the wassail-cry, are hushed,
And the rose-tinted cheek that erewhile blushed
Brightly amid the gay and youthful throng
Grows pale as the white marble. O'er the mind
Gifted and vigorous, thou also claimest
A wide dominion, fettering the thought,
Dimming the soul with richest treasures fraught,
And human pride and man's high hopes thou tamest,
And teachest all the frailty of mankind.

XXXIV.

MARY HOWITT.

PRIESTESS of Nature! in the solemn woods
And by the sullen sea, whose ceaseless roar
Speaks of God's majesty for evermore,
And where the cataracts dash their shattered floods
Down to the iris-girdled gulfs which yawn
Eternally beneath, thy hand hath reared

Altars whereon no blood-stain hath appeared—
But there, at dewy eve, or kindling dawn,
Meek-hearted children, with their offerings
 Of buds or bursting flowers, together kneel
 In gladdest worship, till their spirits feel
A new and holier baptism; while the springs
 Of joy are opened, and their waters flow
Forth to the laughing light, exulting as they go!

XXXV.

TWILIGHT.

OVER one-half of earth the coming Night
 Hath cast its shadow—yet the glowing west,
 Covetous of the sunbeams, in its breast
Gathers the latest lingerers, briefly bright,
 Exulting in their glory. Fades the light
 Slowly along the heavens—and see! a star
 Timidly gazing from its home afar,
With a kind look, as not forsaken quite
 Of angel-visitants were this terrene sphere.
 Glad voices on the wind are borne along—
 And thrills the dewy air with tremulous song,
Gushing from harps aerial! Let thine ear
 Drink in the melody—while the twilight dim
 Fades into deeper night—it is Earth's vesper-hymn!

XXXVI.

NIGHT.

NIGHT broods o'er earth with shadowy wing unfurled,
And the pale stars look tremulously down
Like spirits on a hushed and slumbering world—
Their glow is softly resting like a crown
Of silver on the brow of hill and mount,
And the low music of yon gushing fount
Floats like a Peri's voice upon the air,
Murmuring solemnly a solemn prayer !
Comes a low whisper to the listening Earth,
Seeming of mingled pleasure and regret,
As if the spirits of the air had met
To mingle sorrow in one tone with mirth ;
Chastening the heart that lingers in their spell,
Yet filling it with joy unspeakable !

XXXVII.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

PARTED from thee, beloved of my soul !
Still art thou present to my constant thought,
And with thy memory is my spirit fraught,
Though mountains rise and floods between us roll !
The sweet idea of thee brooks no control,
Nor heeds the barriers interposed by space—

My heart, o'erleaping all, in thy embrace
Rests, as attained Affection's wished-for goal,
Nor asks for more. With memories sweet and holy—
With hopes that lift to Heaven the spiritual eye—
With feelings pure, and aspirations high—
Though chastened by “divinest melancholy”—
Thy name is linked. The wedded, heart with heart,
Time—absence—space—are impotent to part!

XXXVIII.

CONSTANCY.

SICKNESS hath laid his hand upon thy brow,
And snatched the liquid lustre from thine eye,
And thy attenuate form moves languidly—
Yet to my spirit thou art dearer now
In thy frail helplessness, than when the glow
Of health was on thy cheek, and every limb
Was life and action. Though Disease may dim
The beauty of thy girlhood, and may throw
Paleness o'er every feature, its control
Cannot obscure the lustre of thy soul—
That shall grow brighter as its fragile frame
Weareth away—and Love, which is to thee
A portion of thy spirit, still shall be
Deathless as that, and pure—a bright, celestial flame !

XXXIX.

HARRIET.

" My love is not that silvery mist
From summer blooms by sunbeams kissed."

If thou wert dear in sunny days gone by,
When hand in hand we trod Life's Eden-bowers,
And, happy, laughed away the rosy hours—
If thou wert dearer when, confidingly,
Thou stood'st with me, and plighted thy young faith,
Vowing to love, unchangeably, till death—
Now, as I gaze into thy gentle eye,
Radiant with love, serene in hope and trust,
My spirit owns thee *dearest*, and I must
Yield my whole heart in wild idolatry
To thee, my earthly idol! If I sin,
Still will I fondly hope to be forgiven,
For, though an earthly temple shrined within,
Bright one! in thee I worship less of earth than heaven!

XL.

STARS.

ETERNAL watch-fires on the walls of Heaven !
What time o'er earth ye rain your mystic light,
While wake the spirits of the shadowy night,
Filling the air with whispers—is there given
A spell of power unto you, that ye bind
Unholy thoughts and passions, till the mind
Asserts its mastery, and gives new might
To every holy feeling? Still and bright,
Ye burn for ever in your home above ;
And the pale star-beams wander to the earth,
As angels sent on embassies of love—
To holy aspirations giving birth,
And telling of a better world than this,
Where, pure from every taint, the spirit dwells in bliss !

XLI.

THE FAREWELL OF SUMMER.

THE Summer looks on earth with dying smile,
And grief and gladness in that smile are blended,
For her brief sovereignty is well-nigh ended ;
Yet blessings cluster in her path the while,
And men's lips speak her praises—for her hand
Hath been profuse of gifts—the golden grain,

The ripening fruit, whose cheek hath caught its stain
From the sun's noonday kiss—for these, the land
Exults through all her borders. So, in death,

Thou canst look back, oh Summer! with an eye
Serene with gladness, and as good men die,
Calm and in hope, resign thy parting breath,
And Autumn's winds that moan above thy bier,
Shall tell thy deeds to the decaying Year!

XLII.

AUTUMN.

THE sobbing winds, with fitful swell and fall—

The solemn woods, whose foliage hath been kissed
By the Frost's gelid lips—the gathered mist
Scudding athwart the sky—and over all
A sombre veil that seems a floating pall,
Dim-seen yet palpable, beneath whose shade
Earth's greenness withers and her bright flowers fade—
These speak of thee, oh Autumn! Thou dost call
Thy ministers around thee, and in scorn
Of Summer's beauty, all of Summer born—
Leaves, flowers, and fruits—are scattered on thy blast!
Yet art thou welcome with thy frown severe,
Thou bounteous “Almoner of the dying year!”
For thou its treasures in Earth's lap dost cast.

XLIII.

WINTER.

A voice of wail—a moaning in the woods—
A low, sad moaning, as of spirits sighing,
And winds in mournful cadences replying!
The fainting storm communeth with the floods,
And the floods mourn—for Autumn hath departed,
And kingly Winter, stern and iron-hearted,
Hath stilled their voice of music, and hath flung
Ice-fetters over them. The birds that sung
Their glad hymns in the forest, ere the wind
Tore with rude hand their summer-homes away,
Have sought a warmer clime, and all the day
Weave their delicious music unconfined.
What a weird power hath Winter! Nature feels
His potent touch, and humbly at his footstool kneels.

XLIV.

JANUARY 1, 1834.

WHAT record bearest thou, departed Year,
To the dim chambers of Eternity?
Thy purpose is accomplished—and with thee
We meet no more for ever!—meet not *here*—
Though it may be that in some future hour,
Summoned by Death before Jehovah's throne,

Spirit of Time! our trembling souls shall own
The presence of thy now unheeded power,
As with the history of hours misspent—
The squandered gifts of the Beneficent—
Thou point'st thy phantom-finger, dim and cold,
To the dark record of our guilt, unrolled
Before a gathered world! Oh God forgive
The errors of the past, and teach us how to live!

XLV.

WAR.

THE vulture hovers o'er the reeking plain,
Called to the feast of Death, by Glory spread—
A mingled mass of dying and of dead—
While cannons roar and trumpets shriek amain,
And fierce-eyed Havoc, drunk with human gore,
Yet reckless, sateless, yells in rage for more!
Shudder, oh Earth! and cover not thy slain—
Hide not their blood, which from the steaming sod,
Cries loud for retribution! Shall not God,
Ye chiefs, ye warriors—progeny of Cain—
Visit the lands for this? The widow's cries
Witness against you—and the orphan's shriek
Is heard in Heaven! Your hands with murder reek,
And God abhors your bloody sacrifice!

XLVI.

CONTINUED.

How long, oh Lord! how long shall Carnage reign,
And mad Ambition and demoniac Rage,
With sway despotic, o'er Thy heritage ?
Shall dove-eyed Peace ne'er smile on man again ?
Shall Justice frown, and Mercy plead, in vain,
While smokes the earth with blood, and rampant War
Crushes the Nations 'neath his iron car,
Gorging himself with hecatombs of slain ?
Shall Truth be dumb, shall Virtue shrink, afraid
To pour rebuke upon the sons of Hell—
The fiends of Passion—who, with purpose fell,
Still drive in human blood their demon trade ?
Forbid it, righteous God ! assert Thy sway,
Till Earth shall hear Thy voice, and hearing shall obey !

XLVII.

PEACE.

THE prayer is heard. A light is faintly gleaming
Through clouds tha long have darkly brooded o'er
Benighted Earth—and soon on us shall pour
Diviner radiance from the heavens streaming !

That herald-light shall brighten to the morning
Of a Millennial day—and in its dawning
Murder shall die, the reign of Rapine cease !
Then to the winds shall God unfurl his banner,
And Earth, through all her borders, shout hosanna,
And bless thy sway, INCARNATE PRINCE OF PEACE !
Oh ! let the auspicious Day salute our eyes,
When men shall live in holiest fellowship,
And hallelujahs dwell on every lip,
And mingled prayers and praises greet the skies !

L'ENVOI.

I.

SPIRIT of Song! farewell!

Dear Harp! the solace of my darker days—

Thy chords no longer shall responsive swell
To lay, or legend, psalm, or song of praise!

I tear thy quivering strings,
With hand reluctant, one by one, apart,
And listen with wet eye and sorrowing heart,
To thy last melancholy murmurings.

II.

For even in the bright

Glad hours of Childhood, ere the hand of Care

Had touched my forehead, thou wert my delight—
As seraph-songs that float upon the air

Amid the twilight dim,
Seemed thy low music to my listening ear;
While in thy faintest notes my soul could hear,
With solemn joy, Life's everlasting hymn!

III.

Nor Passion, Lust, nor Pride,
With touch unholy hath profaned thy chords—
Of love, of faith, of courage sanctified
By deeds of mercy—of divine rewards
Kept for the pure—thy themes
Have been of these—and oh! have not thy tones
Sunk upon human hearts like benisons,
Or the sweet whispers Childhood hears in dreams ?

IV.

Rapine—Convulsion—War—
The pomp and tinsel of unrighteous Power—
Bloated Oppression, yoking to his car
Immortal men, and rampant to devour
The widow's, orphan's mite—
Oh Harp ! thou had'st no triumph-song for these—
No chant sublime to tell their victories,
In desolation traced, and wo, and blight !

V.

But for the poor and lowly—
The hopeless—homeless—for the bleeding slave—
The broken heart to cheer with comforts holy—
To lift the mourner's eye above the grave,

And fix its gaze on Heaven,
Thy chords have thrilled responsive to my song—
For Truth, for Right, in stern rebuke of Wrong,
Clear, bold, untremulous, hath thy voice been given!

VI.

Yet may I wake no more
Thy latent melody—Dear Harp! farewell!
Youth's hopes and Fancy's dream alike are o'er—
No more with me the Poet's visions dwell.

Thy chords are torn apart,
Oh never more to thrill to touch of mine—
Yet haply, Harp! these gentle strains of thine
May linger long in many a loving heart!

MARCH 14th, 1841.

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